Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 12, 1977 ONE DOLLAR

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Next Week

PRO FOOTBALL '77 features house comic Dan Jenkins revealing the results of a player poll on such vital issues as which team has the worst fans and the best uniforms, Joe Marshall re-creating Tony Dorsett's first weeks with the Cowboys: Robert F. Jones trying to keep up with Kenny Stabler (and Wickedly Wonderful Wende) down home in Alabama; and scouting reports on all 28 teams. Plus accounts of Forest Hills, the Notre Dame-Pitt game and Reds' slugger George Foster

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An Open Letter to the American People:

Energy is not a political issue.

It's an issue of survival.

That there is a serious energy problem which is getting worse and must be met by a comprehensive national energy policy is past questioning. And we of the American business community commend President Carter for boldly facing up to that fact and for his efforts to arrive at a solution.

While many of us in business—along with other segments of the nation—have differences of opinion as to the methods proposed to meet the nation's long-term needs, we agree that we *must* do something, and soon.

In order to arrive at a policy that is fair to everyone, all segments of our society—individuals, corporations, environmentalists and government alike—must be ready to sacrifice and develop new conservation methods in business, government and at home.

We, as corporations, pledge to continue reducing our energy consumption in every way possible and urge our employees and every individual citizen to do the same.

We also believe that encouragement should be provided to the private sector to explore and develop existing forms of energy and to conduct research into new and additional sources of energy of all kinds. Governmental restrictions now hindering such efforts also should be reexamined.

And finally, we in the business community pledge to cooperate and work with the Administration and the Congress to reach the goal of a national energy policy that is fair to all.

Time is running out!

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BOOKTALK

by ARNOLD SCHECHTER

VARIETY IS THE SPICE, BUT SEASONED TENNIS PLAYERS DEPEND ON MONOTONY

If you're a typical tennis hacker, the nightmare is familiar. After a brief, sloppy warm-up, the first serve of the match floats toward you, as big and inviting as a pizza. But instantly your brain freezes, your elbow turns to concrete and the ball dribbles weakly off your racquet.

This never has to happen, according to Vic Braden and Bill Bruns, coauthors of *Vic Braden's Tennis for the Future* (Little, Brown, $12.95). You wouldn't choke if you had developed a few dependable strokes; it is knowing that you rarely swing the same way twice that undermines your confidence. "Losers have tons of variety," says Braden. "Champions take pride in just learning to hit the same old boring winner."

Braden should know. He's widely regarded as one of the sport's top analysts and coaches, and he frequently dispenses morsels of humorous wisdom during TV broadcasts of tennis tournaments. Braden also operates a tennis college in Southern California. His writing reflects his teaching experience; he anticipates and corrects the average player's misconceptions about stroking form and strategy, meticulously justifying his less orthodox advice (i.e., hitting top spin on every drive from the baseline, backhand as well as forehand).

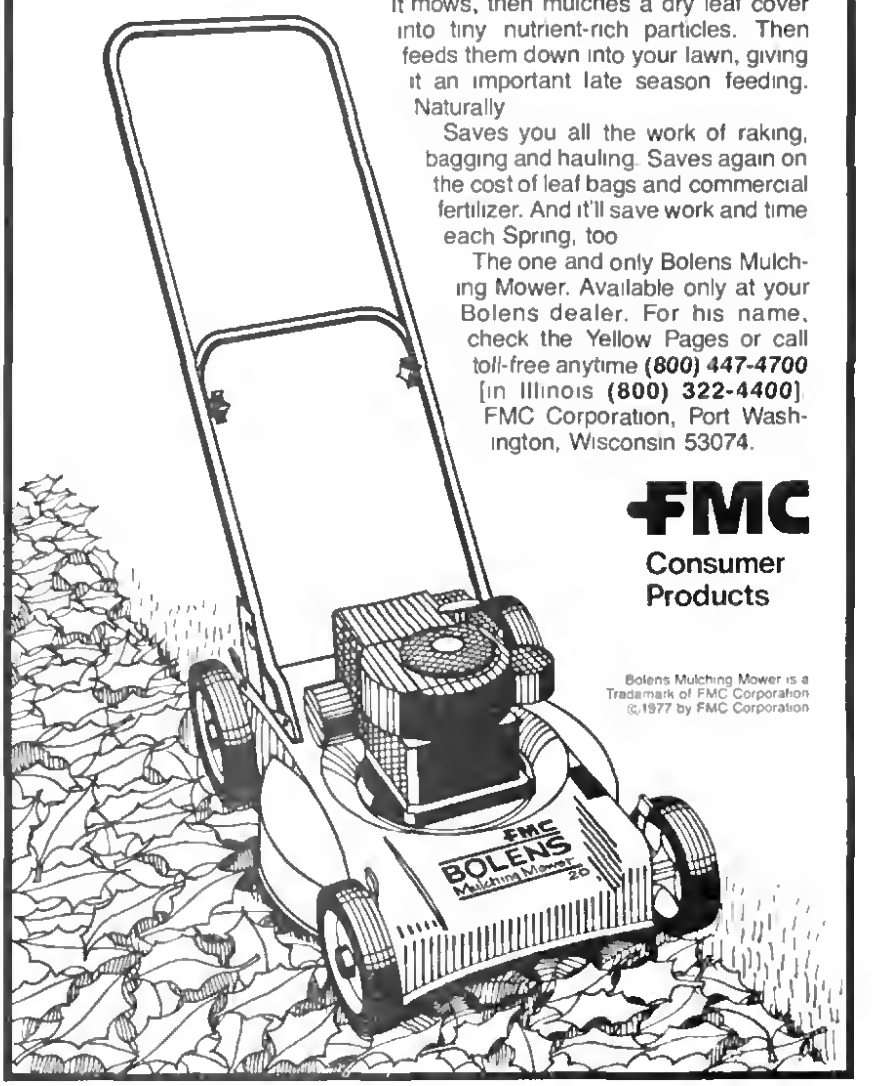
This is as demanding an instructional book as you're ever likely to find, thorough and packed with detail, but then tennis is a far more demanding game than most manuals admit. The accurate movements in tennis aren't natural; they must be learned through thousands of repetitions. And if grooving a swing is infernally difficult in a sport like golf, with a stationary ball, it's much more difficult in tennis.

Ingrained bad habits give ground grudgingly. Braden relates one short-lived experiment in which he nailed a student's shoe to the court to force him to anchor his rear foot properly. On the very next swing, the student repeated his mistake, yanking himself forward so violently that he tore ligaments in the leg.

Tennis for the Future doesn't promise any miracles, just the steady improvement that results from dedicated practice. You can kid yourself forever, but there's no alternative if you seriously want an arsenal of pressure-proof strokes. As Braden says, "You can talk a great game in the locker room, and you can tell everybody how terrific you are—but, pal, eventually you have to play." **END**

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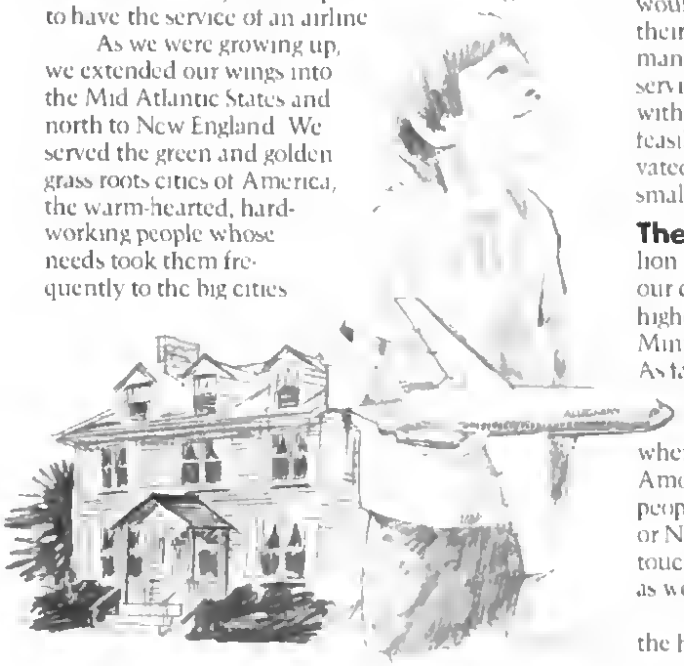


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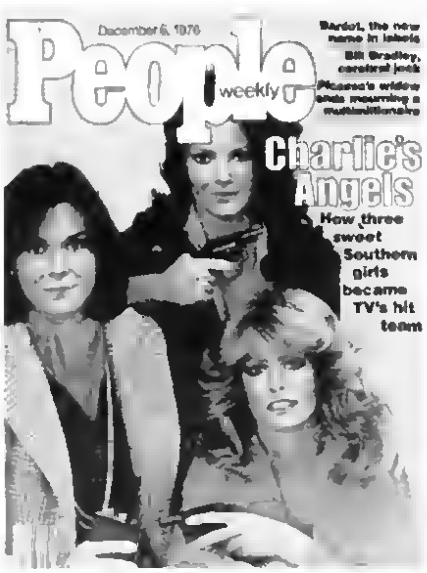
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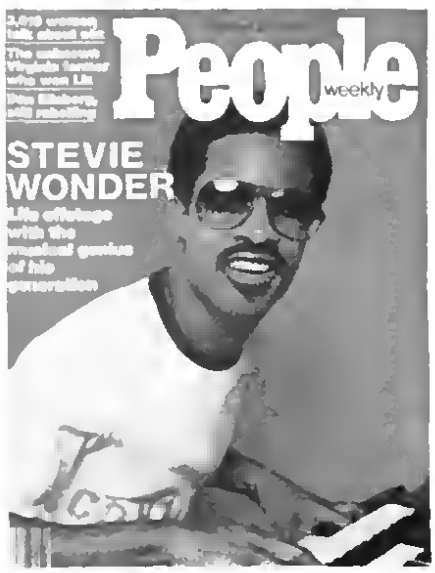
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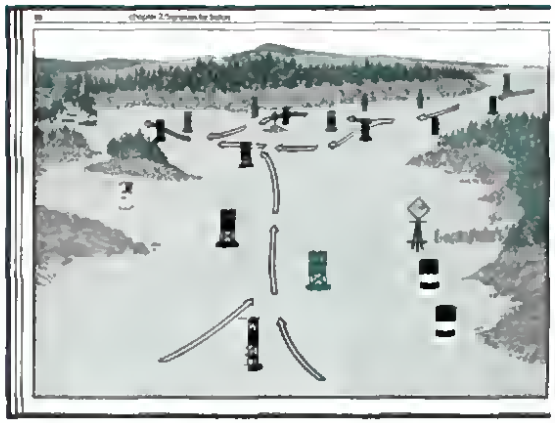






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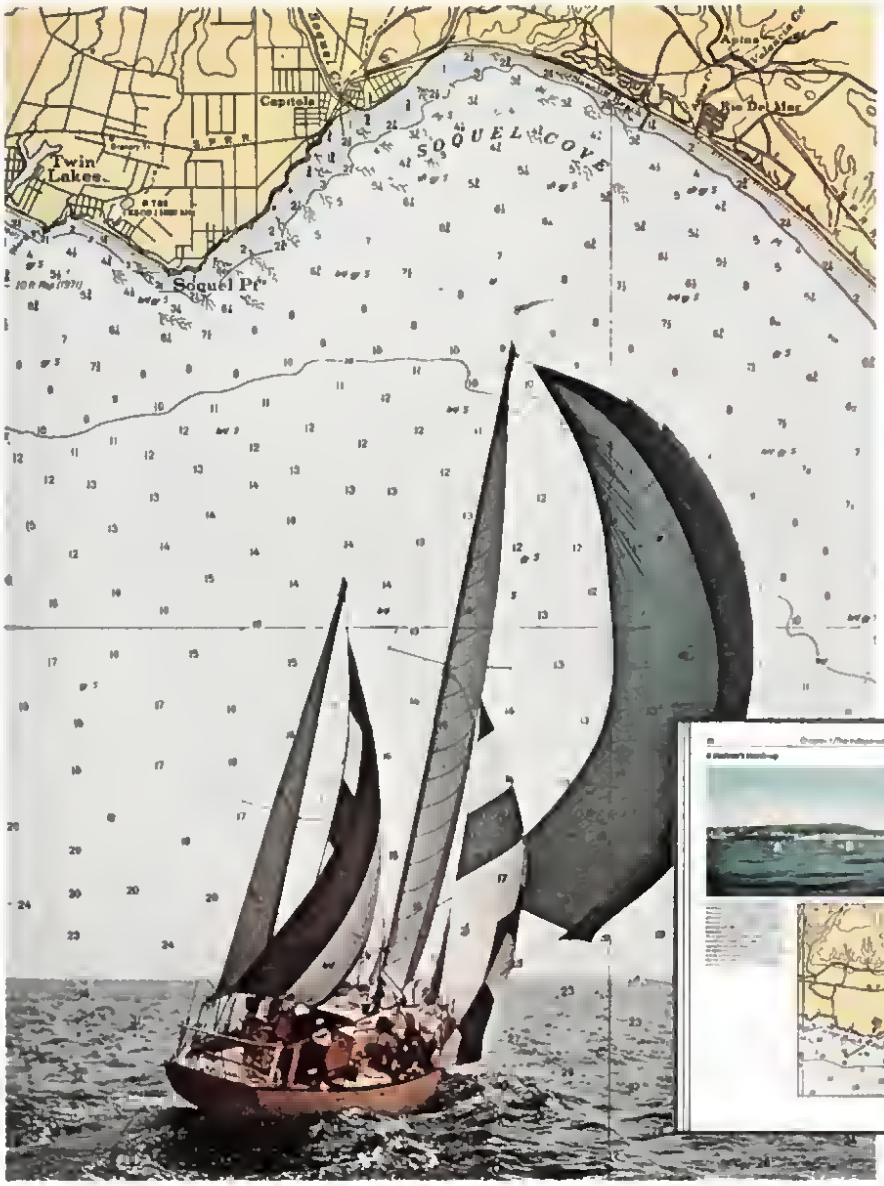
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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H BOYLE

THE ARMSTRONG REPORT

Attorney Michael Armstrong, retained by ABC to investigate the stench surrounding promoter Don King's U.S. Championship Boxing Tournament (SI, May 2), has turned in his report. The key findings of the 327-page document, as summarized by the network, are

• The tournament, suspended by ABC, should not be continued as structured.

• Although no conduct in connection with the tournament warrants criminal prosecution, there was "a good deal of unethical behavior by individuals involved with the administration and organization of the tournament."

• None of the fights was "fixed," although in several cases there are grounds to suspect that *Ring* magazine's ratings of participants or alternates were "improperly or unduly influenced." The Armstrong report notes: "The most disturbing action by King for which we were able to acquire direct evidence of personal involvement was his clearly improper payment of $5,000 to John Ort (associate editor of *Ring* magazine), which seriously compromised the integrity of the selection process."

• No one at ABC was guilty of misconduct or impropriety, but Armstrong, pursuant to his retention agreement with the network, "refrained from making any judgment, one way or the other, as to whether ABC can be charged with any simple negligence or questionable business judgments."

• The "tournament was disorganized in several material respects and was, on the whole, poorly administered. The responsibility for the failure of [Don King Productions] to assemble the proper staff must rest with King. [He] clearly did not pay sufficient attention to the supervision of his associates."

Michael Armstrong has an excellent reputation as an investigator and attorney. We tend to wonder, however, whether the full story of King's role in this tournament—and boxing—could be laid bare by an investigator who lacked the power to subpoena documents or to compel testimony under oath. One hopes that the full story will come out as the result of a U.S. grand jury probe in Baltimore, or in an impending congressional investigation into the relationship between sports and television.

CALLED

A "beep" baseball game played with electronic sounders between blind teams from Sioux Falls, S. Dak. and Minneapolis was called last week because of darkness. The umpires and the pitchers, who had normal vision, couldn't see.

MEANMOUTH

All right, you fishermen, let's hear it for *Dr. William Childers of the Illinois Natural History Survey* in Urbana. While you were out having fun this summer, Dr. Childers was toiling away to help create a kind of superfish that grows faster, spawns earlier and fights harder.

Childers' work began eight years ago, when he succeeded in fertilizing the eggs of a largemouth bass with milt from a smallmouth. The hybrid fry were stocked in a small pond containing no other fish, and by the end of the growing season they were seven inches long. When a year old, they produced second-generation hybrids of their own, unusual because hybrids are often sterile, like mules, and because the largemouth and smallmouth species do not normally reproduce in central Illinois until they are two years old. One hundred of the second-generation hybrids were stocked in another pond, and, when they were two, produced a third generation.

In a scientific paper, Dr. Childers noted that the first two generations of hybrids were "extremely aggressive and exhibited little, if any, fear of man or other animals." Because of this, the fish has been nicknamed Meanmouth. People who swam in the ponds reported the hybrids nipped them. "When the hybrids were small," Childers wrote, "this behavior was merely annoying, but when they grew to one- to two-pound sizes, they occasionally bit a swimmer hard enough to lacerate the skin."

Once Childers watched a woman swimmer in a bright bathing suit get chased around by a bass. "The bass *leaped from the water, struck her on* the head and chest and drove her from the pond. She reentered the water approximately an hour later, and the bass attacked her again." On another occasion, Childers watched the hybrids attack a dog in shallow water. "Several bass leaped out of the water and struck the dog. The dog repeatedly snapped at the bass, but never caught one, and as the water in the area became muddy, the bass abandoned their attack."

Dr. Childers says more work needs to be done on the hybrids to determine their



potential in the wild, and, thanks to a grant from the Bass Research Foundation, Paul Beaty at the University of Illinois is doing his Ph.D. thesis on the fish. Among other things, Beaty is assessing their vulnerability to hook and line. They could be so aggressive that fishermen could clean them all out in no time.

WRONG TIME

Dazzled by prime-time TV coverage, Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn might not have realized what the new playoff and World Series schedule will do to high school football attendance this year. Game 3 of the American League championship is scheduled for Oct. 7 at 8 p.m., and Game 3 of the Series for Oct. 14 at 9 p.m. Those dates are Fridays, and across the land in thousands of towns and cities Friday

continued

night belongs to high school football.

In deference to high school football, the NCAA colleges have rarely televised games on Friday nights during the high school season. Federal law prohibits the NFL from televising games on Fridays and Saturdays in this period. Brice Durbin, the executive director of the National Federation of State High School Associations, which represents 15,500 schools that play football, says the baseball scheduling "will surely affect us very much. It will be very significant as far as high school athletic budgets are concerned because we depend on that revenue to support non-revenue sports. With curtailed budgets, it's a real struggle."

755

"The mental pressure was so great it was almost physical," said Japan's Sadaharu Oh of the three days between his drawing even with Henry Aaron at 755 home runs and moving ahead with No. 756. "I'm glad it's over."

So were the police, who had grown tired of trying to keep up with scalpers selling outfield bleacher seats to Yomiuri Giants games for $18.75, and the press, which was pretty sick of being driven, during the wait, to such leads as "Sadaharu Oh failed to hit a home run tonight."

Then, during last Saturday's game at Tokyo's Korakuen Stadium, Oh connected with the sixth pitch in the bottom of the third against the Yakult Swallows, and the ball arced into the right-field bleachers 328 feet away. The 55,000 fans leaped to their feet roaring "*Banzai!*" and millions at home watching on TV shouted "*Yatta, yatta!*"—he did it. Oh being half Chinese, impromptu dragon dances blossomed in the streets of Yokohama's Chinatown, and at Shimoda City, Ambassador Mike Mansfield was handed a note by an aide and rose to announce to a U.S.-Japan conference, "Oh made it." Startled conferees broke into loud applause.

At the stadium, lights above the center-field scoreboard spelled out THIS IS THE MOMENT THAT HAS BEEN AWAITED. CONGRATULATIONS, OH, and clouds of confetti laced with hundreds of streamers drifted onto the field. At home plate, excited teammates, in their eagerness to pummel him, shoved aside a film actress waiting to hand Oh a plaque of red and white artificial flowers; Oh had to rescue her and the plaque himself. After the game, which the Giants won 8–1, the lights in the stadium were turned off and spotlights focused on the pitcher's mound, revealing a bareheaded Oh. He bowed four times, once to each section of the audience, and thanked them for their support. There were congratulatory messages from Aaron ("Japan has much to be proud of. . . . I wish you the best of luck and many, many more home runs") and from Prime Minister Takeo Fukuda, as well as an announcement that Oh was to be the first recipient of a new national honor created by the government for outstanding achievement.

The medal is to be conferred this week, and Oh will have to shove aside a variety of gifts to make room for it. They include, among other things, art objects, cash, oil paintings, an unlimited pass to any hot-springs spa in Ito City, dinner sets, a Toyota Century sedan, 756 packs of Cherry cigarettes—his favorite brand—and 756 bath towels.

STAR-CROSS'D

My Juliet, a 5-year-old mare, led from start to finish to take last week's Michigan Mile in Detroit. Romeo, Romeo, wherefore wert thou? Seventh in the field of 10.

TENTING TONIGHT, TOMORROW AND...

What was perhaps the longest line in sports, in duration if not length, ended last week when the University of Missouri put students' season football tickets on sale on a first-come, first-served basis. In past years the line began forming outside Faurot Field as much as a week before the sale; but this year, because of a home schedule that includes USC, Oklahoma, Nebraska and Oklahoma State, the line began on Aug. 11, 20 days before the box office opened.

First in line was senior Mike Doak, who pitched a tent and lived in it for 10 days before being relieved by a substitute. In time, the line extended for more than a quarter of a mile; to fight boredom, the students played cards, booed Coach Al Onofrio when he drove by, or, as Greg Wren put it, "We just drank and passed out for a while." Students who didn't care to stay in line but who wanted tickets did their part by making beer and food runs. At least one student, Marv Pennell, second in line, slept outside the stadium every night. For his stomach's sake, he is glad the wait is over. For breakfast he ate cold cream-of-mushroom soup washed down by orange pop, and for lunch he ate cold Spaghettios. "I can survive anywhere now," says Pennell. "I can go on one of those wilderness adventures anywhere."

SUMMER SQUASH

Hardly a game remains that a blueblood can call his own. Golf fell to the masses long ago. Court tennis is moribund. The democratization of tennis is almost complete. And now squash. According to a recent article in *Forbes* magazine, the game that has been played in the right places and by the right people in this country for some 95 years is enjoying a boomlet. As the growth of tennis has slowed over the last couple of years, squash has picked up, and a wholly new phenomenon, the commercial squash club, has appeared in cities from Philadelphia to Seattle.

According to *Forbes*, the appeal to investors lies in the economics of time and space. A squash court takes up a tenth of the room of an indoor tennis court and costs about one-third as much to build. Because half an hour of squash is a good, hard workout, more players can be accommodated and the court rentals are therefore lower—$5 to $8 for a half hour of squash compared to $15 and up—and up—for an hour of tennis.

New York, where there never seems to be enough of anything to go around, may soon have enough squash courts. Already there are nine commercial clubs in operation, in addition to clubs, such as Racquet & Tennis, where the game has been played all along. A single Manhattan investment group, Town Squash, Inc., has built three clubs in the last three years. Its major facility is a $1.5 million club that advertises, in addition to 14 courts, a bar, a restaurant, a sauna and a day-care center.

Someday, somewhere, some businessman is going to figure out a way to make 12-meter yacht racing a pastime for the masses, and an era will have ended for sure.

THEY SAID IT

- Bum Phillips, Houston Oiler coach, endorsing 5′ 9″, 200-pound Running Back Horace Belton: "He's not small, he's just short."
- Hubert Green, U.S. Open champion who beat Ben Crenshaw by one stroke in the Irish Open, on the runner-up: "He's such a nice guy I'd like to adopt him."

END



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Not only that, but there's now a Pirelli radial for virtually every car on the road. Big and small. Imported and domestic

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"Thank you for making Merit 100's. They are great."

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"The very first pack of MERIT MENTHOL did it. I was immediately impressed with the taste."

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"I have tried other brands of cigarettes and have the almost full packs in my cabinet to prove it. MERIT is the first different brand I have liked."

—Ms. Mary A. Shufon
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"By golly, it's true what people say about MERIT."

—Mrs. Dawn Rauh
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—Mrs. Brenda Clark
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"Thank you for making MERIT 100's. My husband and I both really do enjoy them."

—Mrs. Earl May
Hamilton, Ohio

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—Mrs. H. S. Cohen
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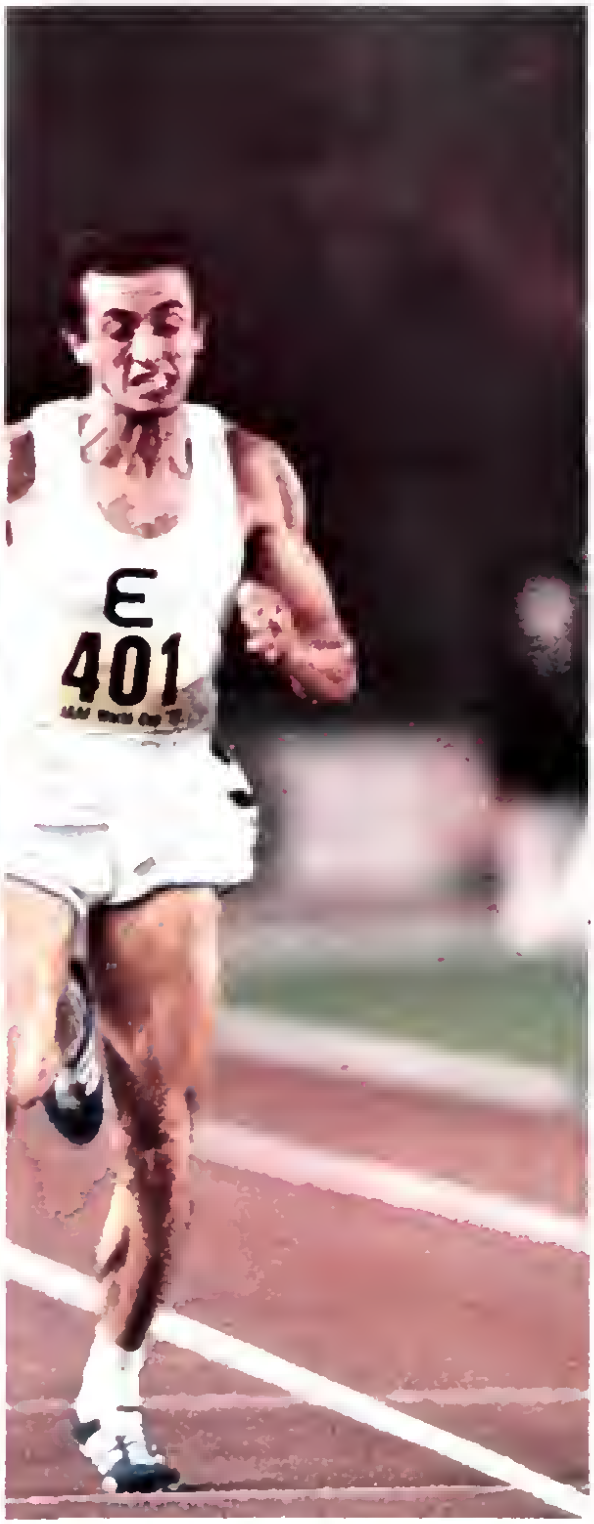
—Mrs. Charolette Nemetz
Whittier, California

Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 12, 1977

THE CUP

by Kenny Moore





TURNED INTO A COUP

The first World Cup in track and field seemed a bit tarnished at first, with a number of top athletes absent from Düsseldorf, but after three days of sterling performances, heartbreak and controversy, the meet was, as a whole, a lustrous innovation

Edwin Moses (left) handily proved his preeminence in the 400-meter hurdles while Steve Williams of the U.S. was hard pressed by Eugen Rey in the 100



CONTINUED



Mike Tully topped the field with his 18' 4½" vault but the bar bested him in a world record attempt

WORLD CUP *continued*

At first it seemed a dilettante's track meet, an overpriced, three-day format that put some—but not all—of the world's finest performers into regional teams and strange uniforms, limited the entries in each event to eight so there would be no wearying semifinals, and called it the nearest thing to a world championship outside the Olympics.

But once competition got underway, Düsseldorf's World Cup escaped the control of its fastidious German organizers and mushroomed into *sturm und drang*, featuring, as it did, an angelic heroine, an enraged hero, several disasters and one world record. In its dramatic conclusion, in which East Germany wrested the men's title from the U.S. in the final lap of the final event, the meet affirmed once again the potential power and elegance of this most ancient and universal of sports; affirmed, too, that international track and field is governed less by common sense than by old men rolling logs.

The meet was missing a number of Olympic champions and world-record holders, not men who had retired or lost interest, but eager, fit athletes like the U.S.S.R.'s 18-year-old Vladimir Yashchenko, the new high-jump record holder. New Zealand's Dick Quax, who broke the 5,000-meter record in July; Samson Kimombwa of Kenya, who set the 10,000-meter record in June, and Olympic 200-meter champion Don Quarrie of Jamaica. They were sitting around in varying states of bitterness (except Quarrie, who ran a leg on a relay team), victims of the formula for determining the Düsseldorf finalists, which placed more importance on where you live than on how good you are.

The eight "teams" were the U.S., West Germany and East Germany as national teams (with the U.S.S.R. replacing West Germany in the women's competition) and Africa, Asia, Oceania, the Americas and Europe as all-star teams. Each team was permitted one athlete per event. Regions strong in certain events, like the Caribbean in the sprints and Africa in the distances, thus were forced to exclude wonderful runners. Moreover, the U.S.S.R. had earlier chosen to send Alexandr Grigoryev, and not Yashchenko, to the European team selection meet where Jacek Wszola of Poland, the Olympic champion, won the high jump.

Quax appeared to be a victim of politics. Last February, while in heavy training and far from sharp, the New Zealander lost a trial race for the Cup team to Australia's Dave Fitzsimons. When Quax later broke Emiel Puttemans' world record with 13.12.9, the selectors refused to name him in place of Fitzsimons. "It's simple," said mile record holder John Walker of New Zealand. "Two of the three selectors were Aussies, only one a New Zealander."

Track is run by the International Amateur Athletic Federation, surely the most hidebound organization in amateur sports. Its president is crusty, 75-year-old Adrian Paulen of the Netherlands, who lists among his triumphs the banning of Bob Seagren's pole in the Munich Olympics. Paulen admitted that the team concept was less than ideal. "This is a compromise," he said. "To keep eight lanes and all finals we had to combine federations." And to keep the team aspect alive the scoring system bestowed points on everyone, with nine for first, seven for second, then 6-5-4-3-2-1. Asked when a real world championship might take place, Paulen ticked off an array of events the IAAF chose not to conflict with—the European Championships, the British Commonwealth Games, the Pan American Games, the Soccer World Cup—and arrived at the conclusion that a world track and field championship was out of the question until the year 1983, adding, "But maybe I don't live that long." To which there were murmurs of encouragement from the athletes.

And yet, once a rather tepid opening ceremony of children waving flags and turning cartwheels was over, the meet began splendidly as Edwin Moses set out to deal with some mild effrontery in the 400-meter hurdles. Exhausted from three races all across the continent in one week, the U.S. Olympic champion had recently lost in Berlin to a young West German, Harald Schmid. Schmid thereupon declared himself to be the World Cup favorite. Indeed, he led early—perhaps as much as for the first six or eight feet. Then Moses calmly flew by, running a flawless race with his flawless stride, 13 steps between each hurdle, never chopping or reaching. He won by 10 meters in 47.58, second fastest ever to his world record 47.45. "Took care of that," he said and carefully walked off the track to spit. Schmid was third behind East Germany's Volker Beck.

Moses' clean, uplifting victory was matched for grace and merit by East Germany's Rosemarie Ackermann, whose winning high jump of 6' 6" has been exceeded only by her recent world record of 6' 6¾" set in West Berlin. A lissome 5' 9", Ackermann is a serene, charming woman of 25 from Cottbus. Her direct, blue eyes had no need of the eye shadow applied by the beautician the organizers had laid on in an outburst of kitsch "to remove the traces of effort" from the women competitors.

Ackermann is a straddle jumper, as opposed to the Fosbury flop style of most of her rivals, but she refused to rule one style superior. "It's what is best for the individual," she said. In Düsseldorf she narrowly missed at 6'7", but so compelling was her performance that her hotel room was awash in roses the following morning.

The single most exciting race was the one most awaited, the 800 meters between Cuba's Olympic champion and world record-holder, Alberto Juantorena, and Kenya's Mike Boit. Prevented from meeting in the Olympics by the Af-

rican boycott, they finally raced in Zurich in late August, Juantorena staving off Boit's challenge at 200 meters and winning fairly easily in 1:43.64 to Boit's 1:44.64. The night before the World Cup race John Walker went for a massage with Juantorena. "He told me he'd break the world record," said Walker as he watched the half-milers go to their marks. "I think he'll do it."

Sri Ram Singh of India led the first lap in 52.3. "Slow," said Walker. "Why isn't Boit going out?" The reason was that Boit had had a fright. "After the first 100 meters I felt a strain," he said later. "I thought I was going to pull my right hamstring. By the time I passed 200 I felt better. My plan was to try to kick with 300 to go. But if Juantorena was going fast, I was not going to pass him."

As it happened, Juantorena was just pounding into the lead with 300 to go. Boit followed, running lightly, waiting. It seemed a mistake. "He's playing into Juantorena's hands," said Walker. "He can't kick with him." But off the turn Boit came on, gaining. Juantorena looked over and strained to accelerate, his arms describing great, arhythmic arcs. With 70 meters to go, Boit was slightly ahead. "Then he came up on me again," said Boit. "We were together 10 meters from the finish." Both were staggering. Juantorena won as Boit relaxed, slipping back a meter at the end, his face passive in resignation. "You couldn't say Juantorena won going away," said Walker. "Neither one of them went much farther than the finish line." The times were 1:44.0 and 1:44.1. Juantorena had run the last lap in 51.5—faster than his first, a rarity. "It was my hardest race," said Boit. "I return the compliment," said Juantorena. "It was great competition."

But as the second day dawned gloomy and wet, a sense of foreboding descended with the rain. An errant hammer left the field, skidded across the track, across the triple jump runway, through a fence and grazed a child. An omen. Then there was the 400 meters, a race that offered fascinating possibilities. "Juantorena has drawn Lane Eight," exulted Edwin Moses, pointing out that the U.S.'s Robert Taylor was in Lane Three. "If Juantorena makes a mistake and floats a little too much, Taylor can get a lead without his knowing it. Juantorena won't see him until the homestretch because of the staggered lanes."

It turned out the trouble was not so much what Juantorena could see as what he could hear. As he rose to the set position in his lonely outside lane, two things happened. A jet from the nearby Düsseldorf airport passed low over the stadium, and the IAAF film crew began shooting with its very loud movie camera. Juantorena moved with the starter's gun but then hesitated. As he said later, "I was waiting for the second shot because I wasn't sure I had heard the first one and I thought I might have false started." Running at half speed, he looked back to see if the race was on and found that the seven other runners were making up the stagger. Still he looked, as if in appeal to the starter to abort this unfairness. Finally he took off, not panicking, but obviously not running with the power of total concentration. He entered the stretch fifth and finished third, .04 behind the modest 45.79 of East Germany's Volker Beck.

continued

Collins, Riddick, Wiley and Williams set a world record in the 400-meter relay



Double winner Szewinska (left) sparked Europe's final day charge





Juantorena was magnificent again in the 800 and the 400—and in arguing for a race to be rerun

WORLD CUP *continued*

Across the line Juantorena's arms were once more outstretched in appeal, his posture one of contending fatigue and rage. After a few moments of recovery, rage won, and he went wild, kicking lane markers, gesticulating menacingly at abashed officials, speaking no coherent language. At length he disappeared under the stadium and lodged a formal protest. It was granted at midnight and the race was rerun the following day.

In the rerun, Taylor did all he could against the Cuban, coming off the last turn dead even. But in the final 40 meters Juantorena was as implacable as ever, drawing away to win in 45.35 as Taylor was passed by Beck. The East German said he was happier with an untainted second place and a new national record than he was with his short-lived win.

John Walker got no second chance. Seemingly confident the day before the 1,500 meters, he said, "It will be fast, I promise you that."

As Walker had done during Boit's race, so did Boit during Walker's, calling out his view of the tactics to friends and African Team Coach Kip Keino. "Walker has used rabbits in fast races this year. [Indeed, Steve Scott of the U.S. paced Walker for the first 1,000 of his near-record 3:32.7 1,500 in Brussels a few weeks earlier.] But tonight Walker is going to end up being a rabbit himself."

Thomas Wessinghage of West Germany led the first 400 in 56.5 before Walker abruptly wrested the lead from him. Steve Ovett of Great Britain, an Olympic 800-meter finalist who has improved dramatically in the longer distances this year, stayed third. Walker had hoped for 1:53 at the half. The time was 1:55, with the field bunching up. After 1,000 meters, Keino and Boit shouted at each other. "Ovett will win! Ovett!" Down the backstretch Ovett ran away with a beautiful sprint, finishing in 3:34.5, a British record and three full seconds faster than he had ever run. Walker, who had been boxed in on the backstretch, struggled as the field flailed around the final bend. He was kicked, and he stepped into the infield and stopped as in the stands Keino broke into furious Swahili. "He should have stayed in. One day you win, one day you lose. Accept it."

Ovett was far more gracious. "John Walker is the most consistent miler we know. One bad race is not his end."

The best event in terms of raw performance, and the most tantalizing, was the 400-meter relay. On the wet track, four U.S. sprinters ran, perhaps, the race of their lives to break the world record of 38.19 by .16. Bill Collins had a slight lead off the first turn. Steve Riddick churned away from everyone on the backstretch. Cliff Wiley of the University of Kansas ran Quarrie even around the last turn and with a four-yard lead prepared to hand off to Williams, who had won the 100 the day before in 10.13. Williams started slowly. Wiley got to him before he had reached top speed, coming alongside and shoving the baton at him as though it had become too hot for Wiley to handle. Williams extended the lead to six yards for the win and the record but knew full well two- or three-tenths of a second had been lost. "It was my fault we didn't run in the 37s," Williams said. "I even changed the stick to my opposite hand once I got it. There's more to do, more to do."

Vaulter Mike Tully of UCLA did more than he ever has, but emerged hungry. He cleared a personal best of 18' 4½" to beat Wladislaw Kozakiewics of Poland for the first time in 11 tries this summer, then missed at a world-record 18' 8¾". An interesting blend of candor and fluff, Tully said, "My technique is very, very good, about the best in the world. Possibly within five years I can jump 19 feet, but I'm not serious about anything. It's not important for me to go to Moscow. I'm going into different areas. There is a chance I can model clothes, be on TV. If I don't make it at that, I'll be a vaulter somewhat longer."

The distances were a showcase for Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia, who had blown his share of chances over the years. After finishing third in the 1972 Olympic 10,000, Yifter, then 29, had been a favorite in the 5,000, but he reported to the wrong gate and, in a runner's nightmare, watched sobbing as Lasse Viren won. In 1976 he gave his age as 29 again but this time missed the Olympics completely because of the African boycott.

In Düsseldorf everything came together for him. "I prepared as for an Olympics," Yifter said. The 10,000 became a slow, jockeying race that let Yifter hus-

East Germany's Rosemarie Ackermann kept the straddle jump revival rolling with her leap of 6' 6"



band his incredible finishing speed (he has run the final 400 meters of a 10,000 in 49 seconds). Frank Shorter tried to draw the field out with a mile to go but was running with a badly strained right hamstring and finished sixth. "It was as if my whole body was held together by a single cotter pin," he said later. "And somebody pulled it." Shorter at his best couldn't have held Yifter, who won easily with a 54-second last lap.

"Did you see that?" asked 5,000-meter runner Nick Rose of Great Britain and Louisville. Rose has found that although he does not sprint with authority, he is capable of introducing killing bursts in the usually placid middle of races. In one 5,000 this summer, he ran a mid-race lap in 58.7 and was never headed as he went on to win in 13:16 from Yifter and 3:52 miler Marty Liquori. In Düsseldorf, Rose said simply, "If the pace is quick early on, there's no need to make a break, but if it lets these fellows breathe, then something has to be done."

The 5,000 was one event in which the front and back of the pack were not embarrassingly far apart. All eight men hung with the fast pace set by Karl Fleschen of West Germany. For the first six laps there was virtually no jockeying, simply an evenly spaced line of intent runners. Rose was hovering near the lead, Yifter hugging the curb behind Liquori. "The whole race I knew we were close to world-record pace," said Liquori later. "I haven't run this enough to really know what kilometer times mean, so before the race I wrote the world-record splits on the heel of my left hand." With five and a half laps to go, Rose took off, followed by the Australian, Fitzsimons, and then Yifter. Liquori surged, too, but not enough to close the gap separating him from the three leaders. "I thought Rose's bursts would take it out of everyone who went with him," Liquori said. "I paced myself to what I thought would be the world record and took a calculated risk that I'd be back up there."

Rose slowed, and Fitzsimons went into the lead. Rose charged down the backstretch again, easing with three laps to go, then blasting out again, Yifter and Fitzsimons with him. Liquori stayed 20 meters back. With 600 meters to run, Liquori closed to 10 meters, then five. Into the last lap he regained contact.

"I could see the chance of boxing Yifter for a second," he said. "I wanted to get the jump down the backstretch. I got there about 30 yards too late." As if he could sense the looming Liquori, Yifter exploded past Rose and blew out to a five-meter lead again, accelerating even more in the last curve. Liquori, with a drive reminiscent of his great finishes against Jim Ryun, drew to within a meter with 100 to run. Then his long chase finally got to him, and he could gain no more.

Yifter won in 13:13.8. His last lap was 53.8. Liquori, second, was timed in 13:15.1, breaking his own American record. It was an enthralling event and seemed to assure the points title for the U.S. men's team, which with Arnie Robinson's victory in the long jump (26′ 10½″) and Clancy Edwards' in the 200 (20:17), had won six of 19 men's events. Only the 4 x 400 relay remained, and it was an event in which the U.S. team of Stan Vinson, Tom Andrews, Moses and Maxie Parks was favored. It was not to be, however. Parks, running anchor, took the baton with a five-meter lead and seemed comfortably ahead of West Germany's Bernd Herrmann when suddenly, on the backstretch, he pulled up, lurched to the side of the track and toppled over in agony with a hamstring pull in his right leg. Herrmann went on to win the race, with East Germany taking five points for its fourth-place finish, giving the GDR the team championship by seven over the U.S.

In the women's competition, Poland's Irena Szewinska, who had won the 200 on Friday, joined Juantorena and Yifter as a double winner on Sunday by taking the 400 in 49.52, .23 off her world record set at the Montreal Olympics. Two more victories for the European women's team (Grete Waitz of Norway in the 3,000 and a 4 x 100 relay triumph), were enough to overcome East Germany 107–102.

Those final bursts of excitement revealed international competition at its best. Or perhaps Liquori did that when he tore away from reporters to get on the field for the final athletes' parade. "Quit?" he called back in response to their eternal question. "Retire? Hell, next year I'm going to really train." For the record, Liquori will be 34 in 1983 when the next World Cup is likely to be held. Yifter will be 29, of course. **END**





Arnie Robinson looked sharp in winning the long jump and ageless Miruts Yifter won the 5,000 and 10,000, making up for Olympic disappointments



GREEN SPEED WAS RED HOT TO TROT

Billy Haughton's colt took the Hambletonian in straight heats, setting records for himself and his driver But he won't have a shot at the Triple Crown because nobody had enough faith in him before this season to risk $460 **by Douglas S. Looney**

Three days before the Hambletonian, blacksmith Dan Suppe was told to put new shoes on Green Speed. Suppe did the job and made a note to bill the colt's trainer and driver, Billy Haughton, for $58. Last Saturday afternoon, 15 minutes before Speed was to start in the first heat of harness racing's premier event in steamy Du Quoin, Ill., Haughton looked closely at the shoes and decided they didn't fit.

"It's hard to race if your shoes are too big," Haughton said reasonably. So he walked Speed over to Suppe's shop and instructed, "Take about a quarter inch off both front shoes. I'm afraid he'll kick himself." Suppe ground the shoes down as requested and nailed them back on. Then he made a note to bill Haughton another $15.

Within an hour and a half Green Speed had paid for his new shoes, plus their adjustment, and had $141,992.50 left over, enough for Adidas all around in the Haughton racing establishment.

Green Speed had made short work of the contest, winning the requisite two heats in succession, laughing all the way. In each outing his time was 1:55⅗ for the mile, a Hambletonian record, bettering the mark of 1:56⅖ held jointly by Steve Lobell, the 1976 winner, and 1972 winner Super Bowl.

Further, Speed's astonishing performance tied the world all-age trotting race record established in 1966 by Noble Victory as a 4-year-old. It was Haughton's third Hambo win in four years—he had won practically every other classic race in the books before he took his first Hambletonian with Christopher T in 1974—and only the third time in the race's 52-year history that any driver had back-to-back wins. It also was the first time a New York-bred colt had won the event.

Beyond that, it was a triumph that contained something with which every human being needing instant inspiration might identify. Ever feel unloved? Or suffer from corns, bruised heels, sore muscles or painful mouth sores? Or been unable to get the hang of something despite having spent long hours of practice at it? Or been afflicted with a disposition that can turn surly with little provocation? Green Speed has overcome all the above.

Green Speed first got that unwanted feeling two years ago when his owner, Lloyd Lloyds, decided to get rid of him. Speed was shipped to a Pennsylvania sale, with Lloyds brushing aside suggestions the yearling might be worth keeping. At the last moment Haughton looked at Speed and prevailed upon the New York dress manufacturer to change his mind. "It didn't matter," says Lloyds. "It wasn't as if I needed the money." But even then Haughton didn't exactly see

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

Beyond the wire in the second heat, Haughton peered at Texas, the only colt to give him trouble

halos over Green Speed. He had grave reservations about the potential of New York-bred trotters, and much to his regret—now that the colt has won the Yonkers Trot and the Hambletonian—he didn't think it worthwhile to put up the $460 payments that would have made him eligible for the third race in trotting's Triple Crown, next month's Kentucky Futurity. The rules of harness racing prohibit supplementary entries at any price. So no Triple Crown winner. "I thought he was good," says Haughton, "but not this good."

As a 2-year-old Green Speed got mouth sores, which were cured by using a rubber bit. Corns and bruised heels this year were eliminated by outfitting him with mushroom horseshoes, which move a horse's weight from the edges of his feet to the center. Groom Jean Camirand applies iodine to the colt's hocks daily to ease inflammation, a well-meant bit of attention which does Speed's disposition no good. But breaking stride has always been Speed's worst fault. "He just seems to trip himself," says Haughton, which is why he was concerned about the shoe fit. But when Speed doesn't break into a gallop, he almost always wins, including 11 of 15 starts before the Hambo.

Two weeks before the $284,131 race, Green Speed was the early co-favorite with Andy Grant's Speed In Action. But then Speed In Action developed a fever and had to be withdrawn. By post time it appeared that only about five horses truly belonged—Speed; Cold Comfort, his slightly slower but generally more dependable stablemate; talented but green Jurgy Hanover; well-conditioned Texas; and surprising Sugarbowl Hanover. Kenwood Hampton and Scandal Sheet probably could show up at the gate without blushing. Reprise was classy enough but beset with tendon troubles.

And Jodevin, the $900 yearling with crooked legs that nobody wanted, was there for sentimental reasons. Most recently, Jodevin had been sick and lame. But his owner, Richland, Iowa farmer Kermit Hinshaw, could not forget the colt's brilliant 1976 season in which he won 19 of 20 starts, losing only to Speed In Action. He was voted 2-year-old trotter of the year by the harness writers, and at the beginning of this season was ranked No. 2 in the Experimental Ratings. A flock of Iowans were on hand to urge him on. All the others among the 16 entries could be categorized as ego trips for owners.

En route to the track, Haughton admitted he was troubled by the size of the field. "With 16 of us out there," he said, "somebody has got to move because we can't all get seats." The implication was obvious: early in the first heat Haughton would move. And he did. Leaving from the unfavorable nine post position, the sport's alltime leading money winner ($25 million in purses since 1949) scrambled to the top shortly before the half-mile pole. Then Green Speed, full of himself and trotting better than he had all year, shifted into his record-setting high gear, beating Texas, driven by Bill Herman, by a length.

The message was loud and clear. Unless Speed broke stride in the second heat, the day would be his. The crowd of 15,000 got the message. In the first heat, the fans had installed Green Speed and Cold Comfort, an entry, as the 4-to-5 favorite. For the second heat the pair was bet down to 1 to 9.

There was, however, an element to the drama of which the crowd was unaware. The night before the race Haughton had made up his mind that if Green Speed couldn't win in two straight heats, he was going to scratch him. Billy is still haunted by last year's Hambo in which his Steve Lobell needed four heats to win in hot weather, then collapsed and almost died. "I keep thinking that Green Speed has won more than $340,000 this year," said Haughton, "and I'm not going to tear him up."

But the colt quickly took Haughton off the hook. Blinders in place so he couldn't see the other horses and sponges stuffed in his ears so he couldn't hear them, Speed rolled out and took command of the second heat shortly after the quarter pole. At the top of the final turn Haughton was challenged briefly by Cold Comfort, driven by his son Peter, but Green Speed had too much left.

Once again Texas was his only serious competition, and once again Texas could do no better than second. Herman was philosophic. "When you're second," he said, "it's nice to think that it took world-record time to beat you." It was also nice that second was worth $71,032.75. Third place in both heats went to a horse thought to belong in the ego-trip-for-owners group—Native Starlight, driven by Jimmy Dennis. With only six career starts the inexperienced Reprise was a gritty fourth overall in the intricate two-heat placing procedure. Cold Comfort, after a horrendous first heat in which the colt refused to trot, was placed fifth, and Jodevin wound up 14th.

Before the race, a weighty intramural discussion about the very future of the Hambletonian had kept things lively around Du Quoin. Jack Krumpe, executive director at the Meadowlands in East Rutherford, N.J., had written to the Hambletonian Society asking that consideration be given to moving the race there in 1980. Krumpe said he anticipated a $500,000 purse and that with a population of 19 million within 65 miles of the Meadowlands, the starry new track is "singularly unique to host your great race." Bill Hayes, president of the Du Quoin State Fair, was underwhelmed at the prospect of losing the race in which he (and, before him, his father) had invested a fortune since the classic event came to southern Illinois in 1957 from Goshen, N.Y. The Hambletonian Society stewed about the proposition for two months and on the day before the race decided not to entertain any bids for moving the race. Not for now, anyway.

While celebrating Speed's victory, Beverly Lloyds, the colt's owner of record, told how her husband first tried to sell him to her for $50,000, then for $30,000. Finally he made her a birthday present of Green Speed, and the horse was paraded up to a party on Long Island. Mrs. Lloyds was properly impressed. It was six months before her husband confessed that the horse at the party was not Green Speed but another, Green Speed being in training in Florida.

There was no doubt, however, that the real Green Speed, with career winnings of almost $600,000 in two years, was at the Hambo. And while the Cinderella story might have been Jodevin, it was clear the shoes fit Green Speed. **END**

THE DAY OF RECKONING IS DRAWING NIGH

After a summer-long scrap, Courageous, skippered by crafty Ted Turner, sailed away (below) from sleek, new Enterprise and now will defend the America's Cup against Australia **by Coles Phinizy**



Try as one might to accentuate the positive, in America's Cup competition it is difficult to eliminate the negative. By its very nature, it is a defensive, punt-on-third-down game. As in any match race, the trailer must attack and the leader defend. One may applaud the gambles of a skipper wandering afar for better wind, but the fact remains, winning is not so much what a skipper does right as how few things he does wrong.

This coming week, *Courageous*, the successful U.S. defender three years ago, will meet a new boat, *Australia*, from the windy west coast of that country, in the

23rd challenge for the America's Cup. *Courageous* and *Australia* earned the right to race because they made the fewest mistakes (and enjoyed boat speed to compensate for some they did make) in the longest series of eliminations ever held to select finalists. Through a preliminary round robin, a semifinal and a final round for the challengers, *Australia* won 14 races and lost two. In the semifinal she took four straight from *France*, the obsolete wood hull that came no better manned or armed this year than she had been in her first quixotic venture in 1970. Then, by taking four straight from *Sverige*, the lightweight Swedish boat that proved structurally and tactically unsound, *Australia* wrapped it up nine days before the nomination deadline of midnight Sept. 8.

Whether her crew is composed of Texas cowpokes or Bantu tribesmen, the American boat always represents the New York Yacht Club, which has the advantage of evaluating prospective defenders on the basis of their potential rather than strictly on won-lost records. By either count, *Courageous*, skippered by Ted Turner, was such an obvious choice that she also was selected nine days before the deadline.

In the final U.S. trials, which understandably carry the most weight with the New York Yacht Club selection committee, *Courageous* won 10 of 11 races against the new boats, *Enterprise* and *Independence*. Her total score was 24 wins and eight losses. More important is the fact that she beat her rivals across the board—in light, medium and heavy winds.

By midsummer, it was obvious that *Independence*, although by no means a dud, had the least potential. And by the time she was excused from the trials, she had won only one of seven races in light air, and in eight in which she had an indisputable lead on the first windward leg, she could not hold it despite the sound tactics of her skipper, Ted Hood. By contrast, although *Enterprise* showed promise in light air, she could win only one of seven in heavy going where the wind is rarely fickle. However, *Enterprise* never realized her full potential. Her chances became even poorer midway in the final trial when, because of his devotion to boat speed rather than match-racing fundamentals, Skipper Lowell North was removed and his colleague, Malin Burnham, put in charge—an act of desperation comparable to breaking up a pair of aces to fill an inside straight.

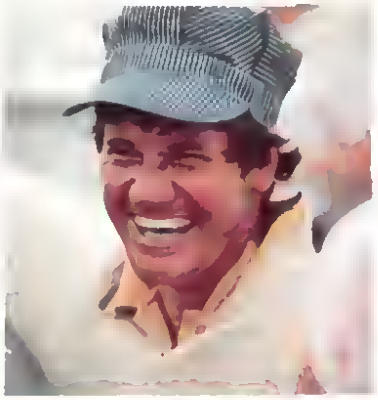
Handing the skipper his hat and shuffling the afterguard and foredeck are customary procedures in the America's Cup game. In the quest for talent that might improve a boat's chances as the end draws nigh, the sources most often tapped are the crew lists of previous America's and Congressional Cups. The first crew change of consequence came

continued





Turner proved he could cut it in cup competition



Robins hardly has been tasted in Newport

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE



in mid-August when Alan Bond, team captain of *Australia*, put Andy Rose of Newport-Bay Shores, Calif. aboard as tactician to assist Skipper Noel Robins.

As if to counter Bond's move, Baron Marcel Bich, owner of *France*, tried to reach another Southern Californian, George Twist, by phone to offer him the job of tactician for the third and fourth semifinal races against *Australia*. On the very day that Bich was trying to reach Twist in California, Twist stepped aboard the Baron's 75-year-old schooner in Newport, R.I., anxious to savor a bit of the America's Cup action and hoping that the Baron would take him out to the course. At the sight of Twist, Bich's secretary exclaimed, "Where did you come from? Don't move. You are a prisoner on this boat."

It would be most heartwarming and theatrical to report that with an impressed Yankee seaman aboard, Bich went on to victory, but, *hélas!*, it was not in the cards. With Twist aboard, *France* lost her third straight to *Australia* by eight minutes, 54 seconds (her 19th consecutive defeat in three cup campaigns). *France's* fourth race against *Australia* was even worse. In a jibing maneuver before the start, with Bich at the wheel, *France* came boring in on *Australia's* port side and struck her almost at right angles forward of the shrouds, mutilating in the process not only *France's* bow but several paragraphs of the yacht-racing rules as well. Exactly how it happened is not clear. Twist remembers that while he and the previous tactician, Bruno Trouble, who was still aboard, were clutching for the wheel, and the Baron still had it well in hand, voices were raised in both English and French, and in the next instant they hit *Australia*. In retrospect it is best to chalk it up as a breakdown in communications. Whatever the cause, the Baron ended his third fruitless quest of the cup as he did his first, not with a whimper but a bang.

When Bobby Connell, veteran of three America's Cup campaigns in the '60s, first got the call to serve as foredeck boss and bolster the sagging chances of *Independence*, he was in Hadley Harbor, Mass., in the middle of the New York Yacht Club Cruise, snug in his bunk on the old 12-meter *Gleam*, sleeping off a

continued

On a downwind leg in the foreign final, Australia (KA5) steals a march on Sverige, Sweden's entry



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festive night He was summoned on deck, bleary-eyed, to find Lee Loomis, director of the *Courageous-Independence* syndicate, who had prepared a fervent recruiting spiel on behalf of *Independence*. Connell offered many reasons why he should not join the cause—of immediate consequence, a number of business matters. At one of the NYYC Cruise's next ports of call Loomis set up an office where Connell could settle his business affairs. Several days later he was on board *Independence*.

To fill the gap left by the departure of Lowell North, the *Enterprise* syndicate engaged in a game of musical chairs. The man most wanted was Dennis Conner, who had served as starting helmsman on *Courageous* in 1974, but Conner was already in Kiel, Germany, preparing for the world Star championships (which he would win for the second time). It was suggested that another Star world champion, Tom Blackaller of San Francisco, could take Conner's place in Kiel, but as it turned out, Blackaller was committed to the half-ton North American championship on San Francisco Bay. Calls then went to Seattle, to Bill Buchan, another Star world champion. Buchan was given the choice of substituting for Conner in Kiel—or Newport. He did not want either job, and thus the grand international game plan came to naught.

The upcoming challenge promises to be better than most, for which considerable credit goes to Alan Bond. Since he lost four straight with *Southern Cross* three years ago, he has maintained that what the contest needed was keener competition on the challenge side. Regrettably, this did not come to pass. *Australia* had three rivals (*Gretel II* lost in the semis to *Sverige*) to scrap against in the eliminations, but none could give her the kind of fight that *Courageous* got from her opponents.

One close race on the 24.4-mile America's Cup course is better training than half a dozen runaways. In that respect, *Courageous* goes into the challenge with a great advantage over *Australia*. In most of the 16 races between *Australia* and her rivals, the time difference at the finish was well over a minute. By contrast, the margin was less than one minute in 22 of *Courageous*' 32 races. Because *Courageous* and *Australia* have never been matched or even had a half-serious set-to on the open seas, no one can speculate about the relative worth of their

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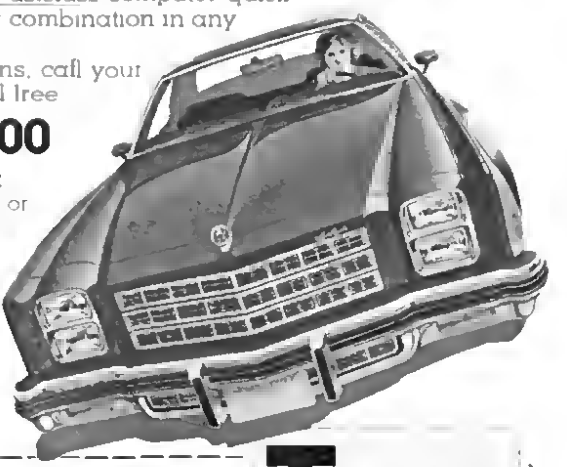
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hulls or sail power or any of the other arcane niceties that naval architects and computer geniuses love to discuss.

It is a contest between a new Australian boat and a successful 3-year-old defender; between a new skipper, Noel Robins, a sailor little known until this year beyond his western shores, and Ted Turner, a man who has won much of his yachting reputation by taking second-hand hulls on to greater glory. Through the summer, Turner fumed and occasionally erupted because the *Enterprise* syndicate would not allow him to buy sails made by Lowell North or John Marshall, who manages the North Sails loft in Connecticut. Turner is a free thinker, free speaker, free trader. He is sometimes rich in invective against anyone with a narrower attitude, but he remains above all a sportsman. To put it in bird-hunting terms, he would never ground-swat an enemy, but he is not against occasionally blasting away at wrongdoers on the rise. While *Enterprise* was still riding high, he observed, "On *Courageous*, our lives aren't at stake, you know. If they lose, Lowell North and John Marshall may not eat for the next three years. I can't think of two guys who deserve to starve more for their unsportsmanlike conduct in refusing to sell us sails. We wouldn't take their sails now as a gift."

When *Enterprise* lost out, Turner became his usual charitable self. There was a rumor at the time that *Enterprise* might serve as a trial horse for *Australia* in the slack period before the challenge. When Australian newsmen asked Turner to comment on the matter, he replied evenly, "In my opinion anybody should be able to sail with anybody. After all, an owl and a pussycat went to sea in a beautiful pea-green boat." When the selection committee notified him that he was the skipper for the defense, Turner spoke up with a humility that is all too scarce on the America's Cup scene. After thanking Ted Hood for making his sails and redesigning *Courageous*, and thanking the syndicate management, and thanking just about everybody except the Pope, President Carter and the North Sails company, he said soberly, "Last time seven or eight of us were in the ill-fated *Mariner-Valiant* campaign, and we wanted to come back to show that we weren't the bunch of hacks we seemed to be then. All it takes is a little boat speed to make anybody look like a hero. Let us not forget that." **END**

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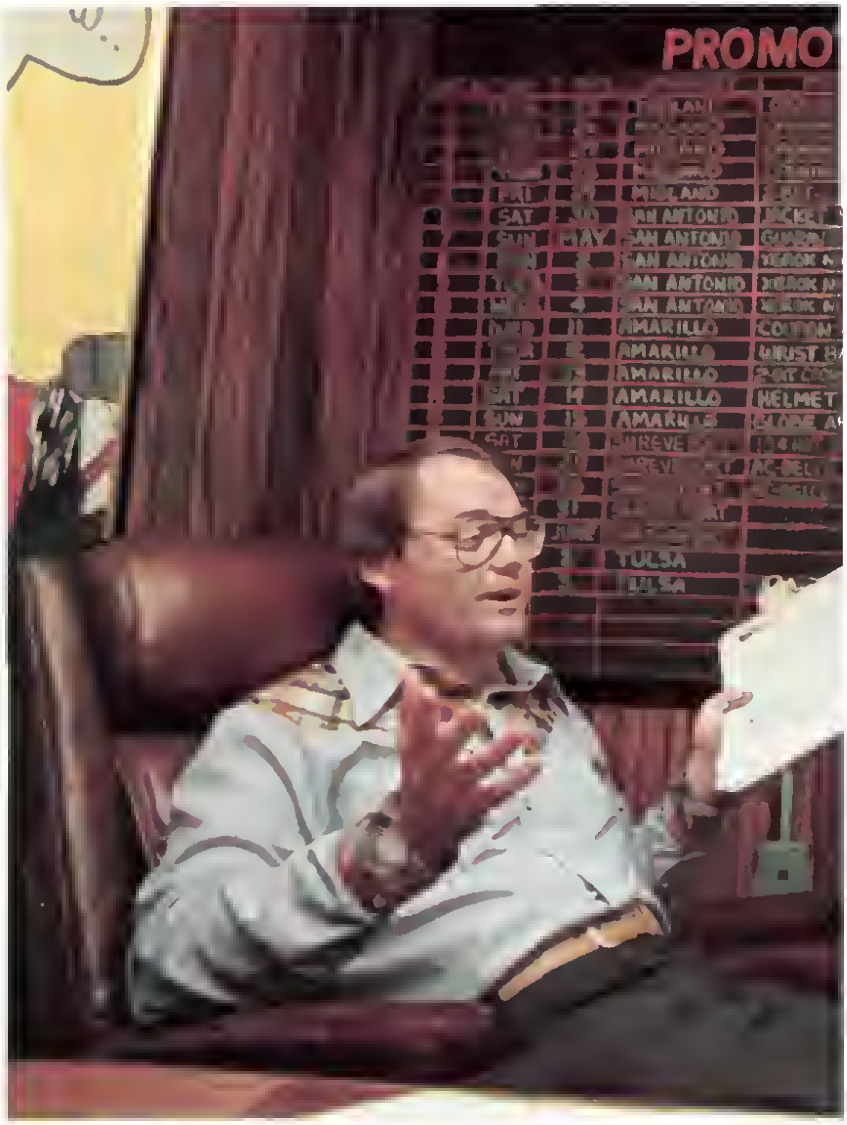
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Jim Paul doesn't know how the infield fly rule works but he's sure figured out how to fill up El Peso's bell park using ploys like the sundae doubleheader

by PAT PUTNAM

BANANAS IN THE BUSHES

Square chin on chest, eyes closed, Jim Paul sat in his paneled office and tried not to hear the clamor of the arriving baseball crowd. He might as well have tried to shut out the sound of a passing freight train. It was 6:53 on a warm, nearly windless evening in El Paso. Minutes remained before the first pitch would be thrown, and not a seat was empty in the brightly painted, 54-year-old park a few hundred yards north of the Rio Grande. Still the turnstiles spun.

"Doesn't anyone go to the drive-in movies anymore," Paul mumbled. Then he prayed, "Please, Lord, no more people. Why can't You give me just a nice little crowd of 3,000 like they're having in San Francisco and Houston and Atlanta. Why do You do this to me?"

With a sigh, Paul arose from behind his tidy desk. He is young—34 next month—but he has just completed his fourth year as general manager (and his third as sole owner) of the El Paso Diablos of the Double A Texas League.

Behind Paul is an immense blackboard on which each of the club's 67 home dates is listed. Next to each date is a space to write in a promotion. Virtually none of the spaces is empty. On the opposite wall another blackboard, only slightly smaller, carries two more lists: the buyers of 53 ads on the outfield fence (at $750 per) and the purchasers of the 84 advertising spots in the Diablos' program. Here there are no blanks.

There is no space for a blackboard on the wall opposite the door. It is covered by the collection of awards Paul has won since "returning" to baseball in 1974. He had rarely gone near the game, even as a spectator, since 1954, when he was cut from a Little League roster. He always knew that baseball's Hall of Fame was at Cooperstown but until recently he thought Cooperstown was in Michigan. "He still thinks all Chinese home runs are hit in some league in Peking," says Bob Rodgers, the manager this year of the Diablos, a California Angel farm club.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY CARL IWASAKI

Proving that you do not have to understand the infield-fly rule to put people in the ball park, Paul has attracted almost 700,000 fans to Dudley Field since opening day 1974, and he has been named the Texas League's Executive of the Year the last three seasons. The league is 89 years old; no one else has been named its best executive three consecutive years.

After his first season at El Paso, *The Sporting News* named Paul the Class Double A Executive of the Year. The paper gave him a gold watch. He won the same award again in 1975, thereby establishing another first for consecutiveness. Although finishing 18½ games out of first place, the Diablos had drawn 162,395 fans, more than the attendance in 16 of the 24 Triple A cities in the United States. "Forget the watch, I've already got one," Paul told *The Sporting News*. "Just give me a wall plaque."

Last year the Diablos came in third and El Paso's attendance jumped to 181,747; only six minor league teams, all in Triple A, did better. Going for diversification, *The Sporting News* gave its Double A award to someone else. Paul settled for the MacPhail Trophy, which is given to the outstanding organization in *all* minor league baseball.

"Can't blame *The Sporting News*," Paul says. "Baseball can be boring enough without the same guy getting the same award all of the time."

The Sporting News is now facing the same problem again. After the season it must name its various Executives of the Year for 1977. Because the first-place Diablos drew 217,345 fans this year—a total exceeded by only four Triple A clubs—Paul again deserves an award. But which one?

Ignoring the blackboards and his plaques, Paul ranted on about the throng still shuffling through the turnstiles. "Where am I going to put all these people?" he said. "Tell them to go away. Tell them there is a great movie playing someplace." Again he resorted to prayer. "Please, God, give me a break."

The final attendance was 9,303. Dudley Field has 7,000 seats. Paul roped off the foul lines beyond first and third base for standing room. Another 500 fans were turned away at the gate. The same night there were 3,153 spectators at a game in San Francisco, 3,766 at Minnesota and 2,724 at Cleveland.

They have played Texas League baseball in El Paso every season but one since 1962, when the attendance was 148,649. From '62 on, the crowds fell steadily until 1970, when only 37,337 diehards came out. Professional baseball in the city was laid to rest.

But in 1972 the Dodgers elevated their farm at Albuquerque from the Texas League to the Triple A Pacific Coast League. Not wanting to desert the Texas League completely, the Dodgers elected to give El Paso another chance. The team won the league title and drew 108,158, but nearly half of the spectators were freebies. Claiming that no one could draw in El Paso, the Dodgers moved their farm to Waterbury, Conn.

In 1973, operating as a locally owned affiliate of the Angels, El Paso drew 63,081. Another death knell was heard. Just before the funeral, Paul arrived. Minor league baseball has not been the same since.

"Baseball people call El Paso Banana City," says Paul. "I'm the rash hot dog promoter, and they call me bush. They are starving to death, and I'm bush. Pure baseball in the minors puts more people to sleep than Seconal. Nobody falls asleep in my ball park. We've got something going every minute. It may be bush, but our fans participate as much as the players."

As an example, Paul points to doubleheaders, El Paso-style. "Two games of baseball in one day is the most boring thing in the world," he says. "Unless you are a total baseball fanatic, and then two games isn't enough. In doubleheaders you have a 25-minute lull between games. What do the people do? Well, in a lot of

continued

places the people get up and go home. Why spend 25 minutes more in total boredom? After all, how many times can you go to the bathroom or the concession stand?

"Here we give them a milking contest or a softball game or another world-record banana split. Bush? Perhaps. But our banana splits have become a tradition here. The people love to come out to see one built and to see 200 kids eat it in four minutes or less."

The banana split, according to Paul's calculations, is a world-record 120' long—but it is only four inches wide. His crew puts one together in 12 minutes using six huge bunches of bananas, three flavors of ice cream, two syrups, whipped cream and cherries. Paul takes 200 children into the outfield, gives each of them a plastic spoon, drops a red flag and runs for his life to avoid being trampled as the kids dash for the sundae set up in the infield. The banana split is eaten in about the same amount of time it takes to issue an intentional walk.

The banana split is only one indication of the difference between Paul and the other men who are trying, usually without profit, to make it in the minor leagues. Like his colleagues, Paul stages all the now-traditional giveaway nights: cap, wristband, ball, helmet, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera. And like a lot of other promoters, he has come up with a few freebies of his own. There have been Kazoo Nights, Broken Bat Nights (at which Paul hands out the season's accumulation of busted bats, usually 300 to 400 of them) and even a Martinez Appreciation Night.

For that one, Paul went through the El Paso phone book and determined that the most popular Spanish surname in that heavily Hispanic city was Martinez. All Martinezes who wanted to attend the game would get in free, but only 818 people showed up. Among the spectators were less than 20% of El Paso's Martinezes. "It was a real bomb," says Paul. "We made two big mistakes. First, we counted wrong. We later found out there are more Lopezes around here. Second, we didn't realize that the Martinezes we've got in El Paso don't like baseball."

But such attractions are mundane to Paul. What he enjoys—and what sets him apart as a minor league executive—is the festive air, the sense of fan participation he has brought to baseball in El Paso. This is perhaps best exemplified by the three flags that fly above the towering green wall in center field at Dudley Field. On the right is the Stars and Stripes; on the left is the Lone Star. The pole in the center is for the official Diablo cheerleading banners, which are sent fluttering aloft at the slightest provocation. There is a green one for rallies, a red one for stopping the other guys and a white one for saying goodby to an opposing pitcher who gets yanked.

"I guess what we do is shock people into participating, into cheering, chanting, booing, into enjoying themselves," says Paul. "Like when we decide it's rally time, which is any time we get somebody on with less than two outs. Up goes that green flag—the rally is official. We tell everybody to stand and cheer. I mean *everybody*.

"Now there're three or four thousand fans standing and yelling. Then we start singling out the people who aren't standing and yelling. And we get them up. Like there's some poor guy who's had a tough day at the office, the wife and kids have made him bring them to the park, and he's just sitting there drinking his beer and thinking, 'God, please leave me alone. Just let me drink my beer and forget my troubles.'

"Well, we don't leave that guy alone. Our P.A. man yells, 'Hey, folks, there's a guy in Box 7 who isn't standing. He don't believe we can win.'

"Now everybody is looking at the guy and yelling at him. And he's thinking, 'Lord, I didn't have a tough enough day that I got to come out here and take this abuse?' But he stands.

"I remember one game when we got a rally going, and we were really picking on one guy. We had just got this poor fan to stand up, when our John Balaz came to the plate. 'Hey,' we yelled, 'that guy in Box 5 is standing, but he's not clapping for John Balaz.' So the poor guy started clapping, and Balaz got a hit. We got another. And another. The game was tied. The fans were going nuts. The other team brought in a relief pitcher, and he got shelled, and the guy who had been just sitting there quiet was really into the game now, which was the whole reason we singled him out."

Paul's voice rises with excitement. "I mean he was out there yelling and clapping. He was involved. Everybody was involved. We had Jerry Remy [now the Angels' second baseman] on base, and up came Ron Jackson [now a utility infielder for California]. Jackson ripped one off the wall, and we won. It wasn't just another game. You'd have thought it was the World Series. When Jackson got his hit our whole team ran out and hugged him. Our fans went bananas.



Youthful Diablo fans almost trample Paul every time he dishes out one of his 120' x 4" banana splits

And the poor guy who came to the park because he had to was hugging his kids and his wife, and they were hugging him."

Another Paul fan-participation gimmick is the white-handkerchief, Bye-Bye-Baby send-off Diablo fans give a rival pitcher who has been shelled.

"When people arrive at the park, we hand them white Kleenex," says Paul. "It's for Bye Bye-Baby. When we've got the other team's pitcher in trouble, when the manager goes to the mound, our P.A. guy says, 'You know what that means, mama. It's gonna be Bye-Bye-Baby time. Get set.' And all the fans will whip out those Kleenex.

"When the pitcher we knocked out starts to leave the mound, we flip on a tape of this little guitar intro to Janis Joplin's *Bye, Bye, Baby*, and everybody stands up waving their Kleenex and singing, 'So long, too bad you had to go, boom, bye bye, baby, bye bye.' I mean, they wave him right into the dugout.

"Usually the pitchers don't pay much attention; they just walk off feeling pretty bad. About three a year will stop and give the fans the salute, the bird. I don't like that because it's not family fun, and that's our whole theory. But they shoot the bird, and that just gets the fans' adrenaline pumping that much more. And it really hasn't affected the game at all. What the heck, the pitcher is already gone. I've had a lot of them thank me. They say, 'Next time I'll really be bearing down. They're not going to Bye-Bye-Baby me!' And a lot of clubs like the Midland Cubs bring towels from the dressing room, and when one of our pitchers gets knocked out they bring out the towels and wave them. The fans go nuts—but they love it. Love it!

"Then there are the class guys, like that kid who pitches for Cleveland now, Eckhardt or Eckersley, and one named Grossman. Both those guys tipped their hats. The Count of Montefusco tipped his hat once. The fans loved that, too. They even applauded."

The creator of all this bedlam grew up in El Paso wanting to be a hockey player. Later he yearned to be a bullfighter. "I couldn't find any ice and I couldn't afford a sword, so I finally settled for basketball," Paul says. "I went to UTEP on an athletic scholarship. I was so bad that when I flunked out after my first semester nobody even noticed. I went right on sitting on the bench."

Paul went into the Army for a couple of years, and after his discharge he returned to school, made the dean's list three of five semesters and graduated. Then he settled in as a sports information man, first at Kent State, later at the University of Southwestern Louisiana. In 1974 he became a part owner and the general manager of the El Paso baseball team.

"Things weren't going too well for us at Southwestern Louisiana," Paul says. "We had just got busted for 9 million basketball recruiting violations, and 2 million of them weren't true. I figured, what the heck, I'll stay here and do this crummy job as general manager of a baseball team that's a loser. If it doesn't go, everybody will say, we told you so, you've always been a loser. Besides, what did I know about baseball?

"I had quit the game when I was 12, right after some kid threw four pitches at me in a tryout and they told me to go home. Two pitches were wild, one I fouled off and one was a strike. My only other experience was a few years ago when someone asked me to coach a Little League team. I got a book called *How to Play Baseball*. I read it, but I didn't understand it. We went all season with the umpires taking advantage of us, and I didn't know enough to protest. The next year the kids got together in self-protection and asked me to take a walk."

Paul borrowed $1,200 and used it to buy a slice of the Diablos' $28,000 indebtedness. Under his promotional wizardry, the team, which finished first in the Western division, drew 112,000 in 1974—and lost $22,000. Most men would have wept. Or fled, as the Dodgers had. Undaunted, Paul borrowed another $1,000, and before the start of the 1975 season, he became the sole owner of the club, which now had a $54,000 debt spread among 72 creditors.

"We lost money in '74," Paul says, "but $22,000 was not much of a price to turn a whole program around, to buy a new image, and God knows we needed one. Nobody knew a Diablo from a taco. Now they did. The next year, my first as full owner, we made $12,000."

Because of his success in his first season, Paul had to go to baseball's 1974 winter meetings in New Orleans, where he picked up his awards. It was a trip he was reluctant to make.

"As the money came in that season, we used it to pay off all the old creditors," he says. "There wasn't anything left to pay new creditors. How do you think I felt, standing there getting those awards and thinking, 'Oh, I want to thank Hillerich and Bradsby's whom I still owe $1,000. And Rawlings, because I owe you guys $2,000.' I could hear the people saying, 'Well, there's big Jim Paul. He just got two Executive of the Year awards for being the most brilliant thing going, and that s.o.b. owes me three grand.' Most of the time I stayed in my hotel room."

That winter Paul went home, bought the ball club and contacted every one of his 72 creditors. "I was tired of repeating promises of payment that had not been kept," he says. "Now it was just me, and I told them they'd get paid if it took the rest of my life. And they have been paid, every cent. I just figured if I was going to take all the heat I might as well own the kitchen. Me and the bank. Still, I don't tell anybody I own the club. When I am introduced, it's as general manager, period. As far as I'm concerned, I'm just a guy working for a tough absentee owner. If I don't work hard, he's going to fire me. I'm always looking over my shoulder, even if it's at me."

During the baseball season Paul's day begins at 5 a.m. By 6:30 he has called 12 radio and TV stations, win, lose or rainout. "He's as dependable as day following night," says Tee Casper of KHEY, "He asked me what time was most convenient for him to call. I told him, and you can set your watch by the phone ringing." By 9, Paul is at his office, where he is already planning the next season's promotions. On game nights he seldom leaves the park before midnight.

Oddly, or perhaps not so oddly, Paul has yet to receive an offer to move his magic up to the majors. "I'm not sure I want to leave, but I'm amazed that no one has asked," he says, rubbing his hands at the thought of the challenge. "Give me Houston; I want Houston. I could break all kinds of attendance records there. In two years you wouldn't find an empty seat.

"But if I took my show into Boston or New York or Chicago you'd see a public hanging. The fans would string me up. I wouldn't go to those cities. Baseball survives in places like that because it is baseball. That's all they need. But out there, baby, there are a lot of other places that need Jim Paul." **END**

They check beds, chew out men often twice their size and watch game films until their eyes half fall out. They are pro football's assistant coaches, and in Pittsburgh, at least, they never go onward and upward

'BETTER THAN WORKING FOR A LIVING'



by ***MYRON COPE***

In my whole lifetime," says Bud Carson, the Pittsburgh Steelers' defensive coordinator, "I have not known three great offensive line coaches." Carson, 46, has coached football 23 years, all but two of them at the college or professional level. "You must be willing to stay involved with fundamentals, but for most people fundamentals are boring. Rad does a *hell*uva job." Rad is Dan (Bad Rad) Radakovich, Carson's colleague on the Steeler staff. During stretches of unsatisfactory Steeler performance, their boss, Head Coach Chuck Noll, has been heard to say, "Well, it is time to go back to fundamentals." The word carries a theological ring coming from the lips of coaches, few of them willing to give it less than reverence.

At the risk of simplicity, one can say that teaching fundamentals stands opposite to teaching assignments—instead of instructing whom to hit and when, the coach teaches how. National Football League players presumably know how, but the fundamentalists insist the presumption is fatal. Which brings us to Bad Rad, the reputed ace of the breed.

"I don't believe in the word fundamentals," he bristles. "I've never in my life used the word."

What is this? Where are we headed?

Known as an inventive iconoclast who at times seems to live on a planet all his own, Rad once coached at the University of Colorado, where players were said to have muttered under their breath, "Earth to Rad! Earth to Rad!" Now he says, "If you're not teaching assignments, people say you're teaching fundamentals, but I'm teaching assignments *and* how to accomplish them. And that's all there is to it."

Never mind that Rad and his colleagues seemingly cannot agree on what he is teaching; the confusion is symptomatic of the gelatinous, hard-to-grasp nature of assistant coaching, a profession whose second-banana stature makes it little understood in the first place.

The very title, assistant coach, is flunky-like. Stepping up to the cozy proximity of the head coach's ear, an assistant these days becomes a coordinator, which as a promotion euphemism fails to the point of suggesting a middle-management functionary in a Soviet factory. Most club owners probably hold assistants to be as easily replaceable as faucet washers. Indeed, assistants complain that many head coaches—particularly those who lose—cast them as calisthenics directors or bulletin distributors.

In the bargain, impermanence is an assistant's way of life, as Carson recognizes with growing introspection. "You say, 'Let's not remodel this house and put a lot of money into it. There's no telling how long we'll be here.' You think too much about how you're going to live tomorrow and not enough about how you're going to live today. It's taken me a long time to learn that." Salaries often fail to make sense. On the college level, assistants earn from $11,000 to $30,000, many of them being paid less than high school head coaches, while in the pros they earn from $20,000 to $60,000, some assistants doing much better than alumni-harassed head coaches of well-known college teams.

Clearly, the occupation meanders—through income brackets, levels of skill, publicity quotients and burdens of responsibility. So for purposes of at least drawing a bead on the field, Noll's Steeler staff is here appointed. The Steelers have made the playoffs the past five seasons and won the Super Bowl twice, largely with the same assistants they still have. Remarkably, although Noll came up through the pro ranks as both player and coach, only one member of his staff—Backfield Coach Dick Hoak—played professionally, and none of his present staff had coached in the NFL. Yet, because Noll leans heavily on assistants (to the point of having them choose his starting lineup), there is no mistaking that they demonstrate the reaches assistants can obtain. Says Carson, "Chuck does not say his way is the only way."

One reason midweek practice can be hateful to a professional lineman may be that he is driven to bang his head against another's in a pit surrounded by 50,000 or more empty seats. If, as is claimed, the ego of a racehorse comes to respond to the roar of a crowd, certainly a pro lineman's must, too, but here the aching effort plays eerily to empty seats. Reaction comes only in the form of a coach's voice, approving or castigating, resounding off the dull thump of pads.

For Gary Dunn, pleasant and well-bred, a grandson of the founder of the University of Miami, the workout surely cannot end too soon. He is the seventh and last defensive lineman on the Steeler payroll. Insecure, he cannot afford to give less than his utmost to Defensive Line Coach George Perles as Perles runs his men through a contact drill against the offensive line.

"Dunn!" snaps an offensive lineman, regarding the rookie's hustle as a union hod carrier might disapprove of an apprentice who has not learned to jake it. "You come full speed once more, we're gonna break both your legs."

"I can't help it," Dunn whispers, plaintively. "George is making me do it."

Dunn is Perles' catalyst, setting a full-speed pace for the others. Now Perles, a squat buffalo of a man, is whooping at the offensive linemen, "We beat you! We beat you! That's a Coke!" The offensive linemen, certain they have held back the charge a creditable five seconds, are retorting with foul language, convinced Perles will flat-out lie to claim victory for his men.

"All those field generals out there!" says Ray Mansfield, a 14-year NFL center who this season has retired to a comfortable insurance business. "They don't care if the whole practice is screwed up, long as *their* outfit looks good."

Perles, like the other assistants, actually is coaching a series of miniature foot-

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC SCHWEIKARDT

Defensive Coordinator Bud Carson owns two Super Bowl rings but cannot land a head job





Bad Rad (top), the offensive line coach, can't care less what happens to George Perles' defensive linemen during scrimmages—and vice versa

ball games throughout the week, striving determinedly to win each one. Defensive and offensive linemen, once they have clapped on their helmets, dislike one another, simply because nobody enjoys being on the receiving end of a blow or being made to look foolish by a deceptive maneuver. So Perles is going to feed the low fire that flashes when the helmets go on, to keep sharp his famous front four—L. C. Greenwood, Joe Greene, Ernie (Fats) Holmes and Dwight White. That their small victories of penetration are won at the expense of the offensive line is no concern of Perles.

"The good assistant coach," Mansfield muses, "says, 'The hell with *those* guys, let's do our job.' "

Not the least bit humorously, Mansfield remembers a critical week in the Steelers' rise to NFL prominence. As they headed into their final regular-season game of 1972, at San Diego, a victory would give them the first divisional title in the club's 40-year history. Noll therefore decided to encamp his team for the week at Palm Springs in order to be assured of salubrious practice weather. His offensive linemen, all but four of them seriously hurting, looked forward to the desert sun. "Moon Mullins," says Mansfield, "was coming off a pop in the head and still didn't know where he was."

Bused to a baseball field, the players went to work, the offensive line out in left field going through the motions in a pass-protection drill against Perles' front four. At half speed, Mullins moved into a block on Fats Holmes, whereupon the massive Holmes, in Mansfield's words, "unloaded on Moon like to kill him."

"Hey! We've only got four healthy guys!" shouted Mansfield.

The very next play, Holmes again blasted Mullins. Mansfield said so to Offensive Tackle Jon Kolb. "You take him high and I'll take him low." They did. Mansfield applying to Holmes what he calls the old Chinese heel lock. Later, as the players broke from drills to run laps, Holmes said to Perles, "Ray hurt my leg." Perles barreled over to Mansfield.

"You're a helluva team man, out there hurting our guy!" Perles barked.

"We're down to four guys," Mansfield fired back, "and you're out there telling that big bastard to go full speed."

Certainly. The assistant coach concerns himself only with his own, does he not? In this instance, however, Perles, who off the field is a man of Santa Claus joviality, sought a judgment from his fellow assistants, who opined that, considering everything, including the fact that Moon Mullins was walking around screwloose, Mansfield had not been out of line. "Ever since," says Mansfield, "George had a lot of respect for me."

Perles turns flush with pleasure when he speaks of his defensive menagerie. "We have six starters," he says, his point being that his fifth and sixth men of last season—onetime Olympic hammer-throwing prospect Steve Furness and ex-marine John Banaszak—are starter quality. In point of fact, this summer Furness has been sharing a starting spot with the mighty Holmes. Finally, there is the founder's grandson, Gary Dunn, paying the price of being seventh man in those drills played to an empty stadium.

Dunn is made to assume the foreign stance of an offensive lineman. He is pitted one-on-one against 275-pound Joe Greene, the 260-pound Holmes and the other defensive linemen in rapid succession. Three times each week, when there are contact drills, Dunn is their fodder. "That's 18 live shots, minimum, every practice for Dunn," says Perles, beaming. "That's 60 head butts a week for Dunn, where the others are getting nine or 10. The contact he gets is unbelievable. Take Fats when he's fresh—oh, it's a helluva lick. I can tell from the gouge marks on the front of Dunn's helmet," Perles goes on with relish. "We laugh at him and say, 'You're getting more hits than anyone in the NFL!' And he takes another lick and yells, 'I love it, I love it!' So you're measuring toughness. Before you go through all that technique stuff with a Gary Dunn, what good is it if he's not tough?"

Grinning sheepishly, Dan Radakovich, a lanky, pale man of 41, flat hair prematurely white at the temples and sideburns, admits that the story his players tell about him is true. As he tooled to Pittsburgh's southern suburbs one evening, visions of pulling guards and trapping tackles danced in his head. Rad swung his car into the driveway, entered the house and sat down at the kitchen table to think out solutions that would bring X's and O's falling into proper place. Presently a man and woman, strangers to Bad Rad, gathered at the edge of the kitchen, as did several children. They studied him quizzically until Rad at last looked up. He had ensconced himself in a strange house—not one next

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door to his own or even a few doors away, but a house three blocks distant.

"Excuse me," said Rad. He arose and shambled out the front door.

Radakovich holds a degree in business and had a year of law school. One winter morning as he approached the end of his undergraduate days at Penn State, where he played center and linebacker for Coach Rip Engle (Joe Paterno's mentor), he wandered into a meeting of Engle's staff. The coaches were heatedly debating techniques of linebacking. Rad thrust himself into the argument, whereupon he was told, "If you're so smart, why don't you come out and help coach the linebackers?" He was paid $100 to coach spring practice, then was made a graduate assistant in the fall, during which season two Penn State linebackers made honorable-mention All-America. He has coached ever since—and without regret.

"It's better than working for a living," says Bad Rad.

He comes by his nickname honestly. Most of Rad's drills are run at full speed. On sweltering country evenings in training camp, his offensive linemen usually are last to get to the beer hole up the highway, their blackboard meeting having plowed on to an hour when, through the screened windows, they can hear crickets. Of a Saturday morning, just before the Steelers are to fly out of Greater Pittsburgh Airport to a Sunday road game, Bad Rad's linemen may be found meeting in an airport room to study a film of a previous day's practice.

"Anytime we've made a film and spent money to do it," Radakovich says, "they're going to go over it. Not for the purpose of having a meeting, but to accomplish something."

Rad's meetings, however, are just a fraction of his sweatshop. Offensive linemen, the least prominent of players, crave playing time and recognition, to feed not only their egos but their bank accounts as well. There are bonuses for linemen who play full time, quarter upon quarter, game after game, yet Radakovich developed eight regulars to play five interior line positions, alternating them by quarters at financial cost to those who otherwise might have monopolized a job. Bonuses also are paid to players who make All-Pro, but Rad blurs his players' images by shifting centers to guard, guards to tackle and tight ends to tackle—even in midgame. No matter that two seasons ago the Steelers' line gave up fewer sacks than any line in the league and last season enabled Steeler backs to amass the third-highest rushing yardage in NFL history—Mullins, Mike Webster, Mansfield, Sam Davis, Gordie Gravelle, Kolb, Jim Clack and Ray Pinney remained unsung in the network booths.

"We do what it takes to win," says Rad. "For one thing, if you can play more than one position, we'll never miss a guy who's hurt. For another, there's the fear incentive—meaning, if you're only playing *part* time, you better keep hustling to keep your job, and you better know that if you screw up, I don't give a damn. I spell this out. They know exactly where I stand."

They do, and they flee his training-camp meetings to a place called the 19th Hole to vilify him over a cold pitcher. "He's the only coach," says one lineman, "who believes he *creates* a player."

Perhaps he is. While rival clubs field offensive linemen ranging from 250 to 290 pounds, Bad Rad plays linemen who call themselves Rad's Fleas. Mullins, 244 on the roster, has played at 222; Clack, listed at 250, finished a game at 216; Webster, another program 250, has played at 228. "If you can do it," says Rad, out there on his planet, light-years from traditional pro football precepts, "who gives a damn how big you are?" Pulling and trapping, buzzing opponents from every angle, Rad's Fleas do it, taught to eschew widely accepted heads-up blocking and elbows-out technique. It is speed, then, that carries the day for Rad's Fleas? Rad to Earth, confusedly: "No. We're interested in power, and the hell with speed."

When Khrushchev banged his shoe on his desk at the United Nations, he created no more commotion than routinely marks Rad's meetings. Rad encourages dispute and gets it. Mullins, chronically morose but somehow all out on Sundays, is to Rad what Khrushchev was to Adlai Stevenson. In a practice-field moment of questionable judgment, Rad once seized a flat, hand-held dummy to demonstrate a drill, whereupon Mullins ecstatically charged into him, drove him fully half the football field, dumped him onto his back with a thud, and then, helmet-first, speared him sickeningly in the pit of his belly. Moon's complaint is that at 222 or somewhat upwards, he should not be made to switch from guard to tackle.

"I'm not going to," Moon declared, making a stand late last season.

"Well," replied Rad, "your name will be announced as a starting tackle. You make up your mind whether you're going to run out onto the field."

Moon answered the introduction. Says Rad, "I really don't care about his personal feelings. We want to win games."

"Rad's okay," says Mullins. Mansfield puts it this way: "Between Rad and his linemen, it's a love-hate relationship."

In his roomy, antiseptically well-ordered office, Noll leans forward on his desk and says, "We're after teachers. Teachers are not necessarily people who have played pro football. You find 'em wherever you find 'em." Scouting college players by dropping in at spring practices, Noll winces when he hears a coach bark, "I *told* you not to do that." Telling, Noll argues, is not teaching.

"It takes a special kind to be a good teacher," he says. "It takes the *desire* to teach. Teaching is doing it and doing it and doing it—and selling it. The most important thing you have in coaching is a fight for the mind. That's why coaches hate to have contrary-mind interference." Contrary-mind interference is second-guessing by fans and press.

Practice-field drills constitute but a fraction of the assistant's long workday. Hour upon hour, alone or in the company of his particular players, he squints at dull gray film playing on a 4′ x 6′ screen, analyzing his players' performances or those of their next opponent. Film is the language of coaching—it tells players what words cannot and leaves less room for mistakes of semantics. Citing Sandburg's research that showed Lincoln's Inaugural Address to have been variously interpreted around the nation according to geographical self-interest, Noll says, "You hear what you want to hear." Men also see what they want to see, so film is not the total answer, but it carries such priority that assistants see more of it than they do of their wives.

In their offices, occupying side-by-side desks not unlike nine-to-five corporate white-collar workers, the assistants scratch out their game plans, each coach prone to strategies that heighten his unit's prospects for success but perhaps place unwelcome stress on other units. The defensive line coach may want to load up to stop the run, but the defensive-backfield coach is gearing to stop the pass. The linebacker coach frets about both. "There has to be a mixture," says Defensive Coordinator Carson. "We work

continued

it out, and then we go in there [to Noll's office] and say, 'This is the way we're going to do it.' "

Among their incidental duties, Steeler assistants scout college talent in postseason bowl games and at spring practices, fan out after the player draft to sign undrafted free agents, take up the banquet-circuit slack left by Noll, who regards public appearances as anathema, and throw parties for their units to build esprit de corps. ("Those lousy parties couldn't win a game in a thousand years," says a Steeler veteran.)

Noll serves as his own offensive coordinator and quarterback coach, originally having assigned himself those duties for a maybe not-so-peculiar reason. As a former defensive coach, he explains, "I felt I had more to learn about offense." In other words, the headmaster chose to educate himself as the Steelers built. Cynics speculate that Noll has surrounded himself with college coaches because they enable him to feel less threatened, but such suspicions surely lack substance. No head coach who took charge of the department he was most ignorant of can be suspected of holding himself to be anything less than invincible.

When Noll has felt he could afford to, he has signed on coaches of rank inexperience on the theory that they come with open minds and an eager spirit. Five years ago, having hired the seasoned Carson a year earlier, Noll deemed he could risk hiring Woody Widenhofer, then 30, to coach his linebackers. The appointment of Widenhofer (pronounced Woodenhoffer, but seldom by toastmasters) was flabbergasting because now he would be giving orders to All-Pro Andy Russell, who 11 years before had been the University of Missouri's MVP, while Woody, also at Missouri, was a mere underclass redshirt. Had Noll not paused to reflect upon that? "An interesting sidelight for sportswriters," he scoffs.

Still, in linebacker meetings, when the game film on the wall exposed Russell to have blown a play, Woody's rebuke would be couched in tact. "Andy, you're too good a player for that to happen." Whereupon Middle Linebacker Jack Lambert, professing horror that the ex-Missouri redshirt dare criticize the ex-Missouri MVP even mildly, would shriek, "Oh my God! Did you two have a spat?"

Noll's signing of Backfield Coach Dick Hoak six years ago and Receivers Coach Tom Moore this year appeared as eccentric as his hiring of Widenhofer. Hoak, 10 years a Steeler running back, including two seasons under Noll, had coached but one year—and that at tiny Wheeling (W. Va.) Central Catholic High, where under trying circumstances (for example, his fired predecessor had remained on the faculty as school disciplinarian and prevented players from attending practice by keeping them after school) Hoak won only one of 10 games.

Moore appeared this season after Receivers Coach Lionel Taylor, the senior member of Noll's eight-man staff, had decided that more than seven years in one place would be excessive and moved to the Rams. Moore, a onetime Iowa quarterback, had coached at the University of Minnesota. "Noll hired a college guy who's never been a receiver," says a Steeler veteran. "He's going to coach such prima-donna experts as Lynn Swann, Frank Lewis and John Stallworth? It's going to be interesting."

It will be, although Moore may take comfort in knowing that under Widenhofer, Jack Ham and Lambert joined Russell as All-Pros, and under Hoak, Franco Harris became an acceptable blocker in the Steelers' must-block attack, and Rocky Bleier, born to block but little else, became a 1,000-yard runner.

Meantime, if one of Noll's assistants were to obtain a head coaching job, Noll would be relieved to see him gone, for Noll carries the perplexing stigma of never having sent an assistant to a head job. More to the point, in Noll's view, is the possibility that stationary coaches become frustrated and that staffs that remain largely intact succumb to inbreeding of coaching ideas. Carson had been head coach of Georgia Tech for five years, a miserable experience following, as he did, Bobby Dodd. Short, now gray, and softspoken, Carson appears mousy alongside Noll's younger and larger assistants but is likened by the knowledgeable Russell to "a mad scientist looking for a formula and changing it every day." On Sundays, says Russell, even as the Steelers walk through the stadium tunnel to the field, Carson abruptly creates refinements in defensive alignments. Hardened veterans freely call him a genius. Yet Carson repeatedly has failed to gain a head coaching job after having been interviewed by a succession of owners and general managers.

"You must have had a great interview," a friend in the New York Jets organization told Carson last year. "I think you've got the job." Lou Holtz, a college coach equipped with a bowl record and one-liners for the New York media, got the job, then at season's end fled back to college ball at Arkansas. To the general manager of another club who told Noll he could not hire Carson because he needed a public-relations figure to sell tickets, Noll growled, "Your best public relations is winning."

"One owner wants a P R man, another wants something else," says Carson. "I've never seen one who wants a football coach. That's too simple." Carson wonders if the way to make head coach is to change teams every year, like switching from black to red at roulette, until he lands with a club that fires its head coach in midseason, then turns to him in the emergency. Top assistants on catastrophes make it.

To this day, Noll's aides berate themselves for having failed to prevent the 24–7 whipping that Oakland administered to the injury-riddled Steelers in last season's AFC championship game. What might they possibly have done to compensate for the fact that they had only one healthy running back, reserve Reggie Harrison, who lined up by his lonesome in a bizarre one-back backfield?

Says Dick Hoak, "We should have told our players at the beginning of the week, 'We got no running backs ready.' But we said, 'This guy might play—that guy might play.' Franco's ribs were badly bruised. He couldn't breathe. I'd played 10 years, I *knew*."

Perles, too, indicts himself. "I should have told my defensive linemen, 'We got to win 2–0 with a safety.' Instead, I got my nose into the offense's business, worrying about who'd play. It gets through to your own that you're worrying about something else, and then they assume everything's hunky-dory with them. You must concentrate on *your* job and let everything else fall into place."

Left unspoken by these self-flagellating second bananas, one suspects, is this: Had the Steelers beaten Oakland and gone on to win an unprecedented third consecutive Super Bowl, how could club owners or colleges shopping for a new head coach have failed to choose at least one Steeler assistant? But that is the way it goes in the assistant-coaching business. You turn to writing next year's playbook and hope that next year brings the chance of a lifetime. **END**

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football: monday night

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According to American Mythology, Monday Night Football began with a string of *bon mots,* delivered by a jocular folk hero named Danderoo and directed at a veritable plethora of insignificant trivia, while a couple of foothall teams tried to hold the attention of 40 million American men, 39 million of whom have since been divorced.

Which, alas, is not telling it like it is. Because football on Monday night began as far back as 1966 when CBS televised a game between the Bears and the Cardinals. That network also telecast four other Monday night games during the late '60s, and not one of them added many extra points to its Nielsen ratings.

"The ratings for the Monday night telecasts had been good enough to develop sufficient interest," NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle recalled, "but there was also a school of thought that football wouldn't play in prime time. I had always been impressed with the glamour of night football from my California background, my days in public relations for the Rams. There was something special about the spotlight hitting the players when the starting lineups were announced. It created a different aura than day football. It was decidedly more dramatic.

"We talked to CBS and NBC first because they had been doing the games for the NFL and the old AFL. CBS had very solid Monday night programming. NBC put forth a fast hard look at the last minute, but it was too little, too late. ABC had the courage and felt the combination of telecasting a news event and a live happening would create a tremendous entertainment package."

And the rest, you probably think, was snap-crackle-pop history. Think again, because if you realized what was going on behind the scenes you might have thought the games were being broadcast on Sunday, bloody Sunday.

The Merger.

One day in the Spring of 1970, Howard Cosell was having lunch with friends at a midtown Manhattan restaurant when he received a call from Roone Arledge summoning him back to the office.

"We have to discuss Monday Night Football," Arledge said. "You're going to be the key to the whole package."

"Roone asked me who I thought the announcer should be," Cosell recalled. "He mentioned Tom Harmon and Keith Jackson and Vin Scully. I told him I had no objections. The color man was the tough one. 'You're going to be the catalyst, you're going to create the mood,' Arledge told me. 'You have to have a buffer to work with.'"

Frank Gifford, then employed with CBS, had done a memorable interview with Meredith following the Cowboy's heartbreaking last second defeat to the Packers in a frozen championship game. Gifford had recently reminded his friend Arledge what a great joh Meredith had done then under the most trying of circumstances. And, besides,



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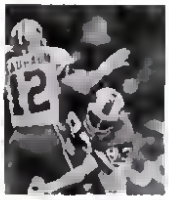
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TONI FRITSCH

Meredith had played the game. A few days later Cosell met Meredith at Toots Shor's and then Arledge hired Jackson. (Gifford was subsequently hired away from CBS and became the Play-by-Play man on Monday Night Football; Jackson moved over to NCAA College Football, ABC's other major football package.)

The Game Plan.

Arledge decided to tape a pre-season game between the Lions and Chiefs as if it were a regular season telecast, even though it would never air.

The test film did not play to rave reviews back in the New York screening room. Arledge and producer-director Chet Forte studied the tape with the announcers. Meredith was depressed. "Let's face it, fellows," he said, "I'm not qualified for this. I don't even know that much about football. I just know the x's and o's that Landry taught me."

Cosell, the key to the package, the Coach, sat down with Meredith. "You'll be making the mistake of your life if you pull out," he told him. "You're going to come out of this a hero. Middle America will love you. Southern America will love you. And there are at least forty sportswriters in this country who can't wait to get at me. In the long run it will benefit me, too. You'll wear the white hat, I'll wear the black hat and you'll have no problem from the very beginning."

Cosell's problems began with the very first telecast. In a game the Browns won from Namath's Jets, 31-21, Cosell capsulized Leroy Kelly's rushing effort: "Leroy Kelly has not been a compelling factor tonight," Cosell said. Kelly had accumulated only 44 yards in 26 carries. Some would say he had not been *any* factor. But when Cosell said it, it became news, front page news around the country which spawned much criticism.

By mid-season Cosell was even thinking about taking himself out of the Monday Night lineup Before a game in Minnesota he poured out his doubt to Don Weiss, then the NFL's PR Director.

"It had gotten to the point where I didn't trust my own intelligence anymore," Cosell recalled. "I knew if I got away from this intellectually I would think it was crazy. After the game I walked back to the hotel and Roone called me up and said, 'I thought it was a pretty good program.' The next

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night at 5:30 Pete Rozelle came over to my apartment and reiterated his initial position. 'You were the one man I wanted on this package,' he told me. 'I didn't want a jock.'"

It wouldn't be until the next-to-last telecast of that first season, a game Cosell would have to miss because he was broadcasting the Ali-Bonavena fight, that he would realize how much Monday Night Football meant to him, and he to his colleagues and peers. "I sure miss ole Ha'hrd tonight," Dandy Don intoned. Nobody questioned him.

The Guys You Never See.

(Who do all the work.)

Chet Forte and Howard Cosell are the two men who have worked on Monday Night Football since its inception. Forte has failed to direct only two games during the first seven seasons of the program: once because of a blood infection, once because he was directing an American League playoff game.

Monday Night Football utilizes nine cameras, and this year a tenth and occasionally an eleventh will be added. The eleventh camera will be used from a blimp or a helicopter, what Forte calls "a gimmick shot" but one which is "especially effective in a city like Washington where you can shoot the Capitol and the Washington Monument and the Jefferson Memorial."

The cameramen go over their game plan the day of the game, and they ad lib during the telecast. They have a sophisticated knowledge of the game and know what to look for.

Dennis Lewin who has produced Monday Night Football in the past and will do so again this season has also authored what may be Don Meredith's most famous quip. Oakland and Houston were involved in one of those 38-0 fiascos and by the time the fourth quarter rolled around nearly three quarters of the crowd had left. So Forte began scanning the stands for interesting shots of fans. Down around the 30-yard line in the lower deck a fellow was slumped back in his seat, ostensibly asleep, with no one near him for sections. Forte was certain he was asleep and figured it would be a cute shot. But as soon as he began shooting the guy awoke and raised his middle finger for all Middle America to see. A great silence fell through the booth. Finally, Dennis Lewin piped into his monitor, "Hey, that means we're No. 1." Within seconds Meredith repeated Lewin's assertion and the rest is legend.

Halftime Highlights.

And then there was the time when three FBI men tailed Cosell from the moment he arrived in Buffalo because there had been a report that the ABC booth was going to be blown up at precisely 9:30 EDT. The reason was fairly obvious. Cosell had been keeping the Bills off the halftime highlights.



DENNIS LEWIN



CHET FORTE

So, at 9:27, Meredith gets up and says, "Excuse me, Ha'hrd, I'm going to the head." And Cosell counters, "Not without me you're not." And Gifford was left fumbling over the next play.

The halftime highlights are, of course, a very big part of the package. In concept, though not always in execution, it was Arledge's brainchild; the most successful way to keep viewers glued to their sets and sponsors to their contracts during a break in the action. And no one, least of all Cosell or Forte, ever envisioned the reaction and commotion they would cause. Seventy men and women, at a cost of $500,000, assemble each Monday Night telecast. But perhaps the most hectic part of the package is the pre-packaged halftime highlights.

The producer, the director and the announcers generally watch the TV games together on Sunday afternoon. Since there is no Sunday game in the town they're visiting, they usually watch three games, plus halftime and post-game film clips of other contests. By the end of Sunday's telecasts they have a working idea of what transpired around the league.

Then they sit around and decide on what they'd like to focus on and show. "There's always a dilemma between great plays, meaningful games and winning streaks," Lewin says. "And we have to try and compress the best of 12 games into 8 minutes. Sometimes we run into problems where the coverage may not be good of the game we want or the play we want. Maybe they only have two cameras at that game. Another problem can be flight schedules. NFL films is based in Philadelphia and flights from Denver to Philly are difficult. NFL films edits the package, but we'll tell them to put more emphasis on this game than another game."

At four o'clock on Monday afternoon the package is fed from Philadelphia to ABC in New York. From there it is relayed to the site of that evening's telecast. The halftime highlights run only eight minutes and are broken into two parts. As Chet Forte prepares the graphics, Howard Cosell watches the film and records mental notes. (Cosell has never used a prepared script in any of his broadcast ventures.) After viewing each four-minute segment, Cosell does the voice over, just as it appears later that night.

It's More than Just a Game.

In 1970 Monday Night Football projected a 22 share and garnered a 28. Last year's share was 36. In 1970 a commercial minute cost $65,000. This year's figure is $124,000. Monday Night Football is not merely a hit show, nor show-biz. It is a sociological phenomenon which for 13 weeks in the Autumn changes the living patterns of more than 40 million Americans.

Movie theaters and restaurants in Los Angeles were empty on Monday nights, and after failing to draw customers with discount offers, they closed shop. The workday ends early on the West Coast



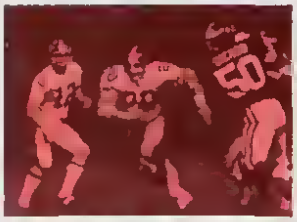
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so businessmen can get home in time for the 6:00 p.m. PDT kickoff.

At Overlake Hospital in Seattle there's an unwritten rule that no babies are to be delivered between 7:00 and 10:00 p.m. on Monday nights.

The Borough Council of Forty Forts, Pa., has cut its Monday night meeting to under two hours, compared to the usual four-plus hour session, so that the councilmen can get home in time for the kickoff.

And now, back to the game: "It's one night a year for the host town to show itself off," Frank Gifford says. "It makes for a wilder crowd, the whole atmosphere permeates to the players. A guy will kickoff six yards into the end zone and a player will run it out because he knows his mom is home watching on TV."

In Denver there was a mock arrest, with a posse lassoeing Dandy Don, Humble Howard and Fearless Frank (alias "the Giffer"): Then the gleeful triumvirate was released and made honorary sheriffs.

In Baltimore, then Vice President Spiro Agnew visited the booth. Meredith told him, "I didn't vote for you, but you do have a nice suit on." Danderoo also observed that the Vice President wasn't wearing a Howard Cosell wristwatch.

"We achieved what everyone said we couldn't," Cosell says today. "We forced Carol Burnett off Monday night to Saturday night. Doris Day and Lucy cancelled. Bill Cosby sent us a telegram of unconditional surrender. Fred Silverman (now ABC's head of entertainment) created "Maude" and "Rhoda," shows designed for women. We beat them all.

"One night we were doing a Pittsburgh-Atlanta game, a terrible game, and I was saying: 'I'm invited to Rhoda's wedding. This game's a disaster, but I can still make the reception.'

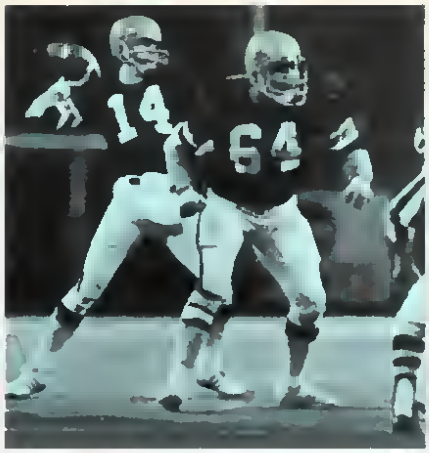
"Monday Night Football is the highest form of journalism," Cosell maintains, "because of our irreverence We put the game in its place."

Great Moments in Broadcasting History.

Chet Forte's favorite moment on Monday Night Football was that fan signalling, "We're No. 1!" His favorite telecast? "Washington-St. Louis last year in the rain and mud when Metcalf kept fumbling at the goal line and Eddie Brown made that great punt return to win the game." Forte's favorite shot? "The very first game we did. Namath pounding the ground after an interception, with the dust swirling around him. That shot just captured all his frustration."

Cosell, naturally, can cite chapter and verse from the greatest Monday Night Football game ever played, as if the game was played at the

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"The best Monday night game was Minnesota and Atlanta just before Thanksgiving in 1973. A, because Minnesota was unbeaten through its first nine games. B, because Atlanta had never had a winner and Atlanta Stadium was never noisier, not even when Aaron hit his 715th homer. C, Atlanta was apparently headed for the playoffs and was racked with injuries. Burroughs' neck was in a brace and a kid named Tommy Geredine played in his place and scored the winning touchdown off a wild scramble by Robert Lee. D, because Atlanta played an inspirational game and Lee was great. And E, because we had a great show. Burt Reynolds was making that prison film down there and we opened with a tight on Reynolds' face and he pantomimed my voice. It was just a wild, exciting night."

Howard neglected to mention the final score. Atlanta 20, Minnesota 14.

The Numbers Game.

During the first seven years of Monday Night Football the 89 winning teams went 47-39-3 the following week. The 89 losing teams went 48-41-0 the following week.

The eight representatives from last year's playoffs will all be seen on Monday Night Football this year.

Over the years the Rams have been aired the most—13 times. Oakland, Miami and Washington have each been on 11 times, followed by Dallas, Detroit and Minnesota at 10 times.

If you think they put on teams just because they're in a major market consider this: The Jets have been on seven times, the Bears six and the Giants five. New Orleans and New England have been on the fewest—three times. Excepting, of course, Seattle and Tampa Bay, which won't be on for at least another year.

The Pack is Back.

The return of Don Meredith to Monday Night Football.

"I left because I wanted to leave and I came back because I wanted to come back. It was a very fortunate thing," Meredith says. "Monday Night Football changed the face of pro football. It was the instigator. It offered a different kind of football, a different perspective, a different game than the package that was offered when I played. I feel football is still a game and that it should be enjoyed."

According to Roone Arledge, the return of Don Meredith marks another significant chapter in the history of *ABC* Sports. "It's a giant step backwards," Arledge says.

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4—OCT. 10	—	Los Angeles (NFC West, 10-3-1) at Chicago (NFC Central, 7-7)
5—OCT. 17	—	Cincinnati (AFC Central, 10-4) at Pittsburgh (AFC Central, 10-4)
6—OCT. 24	—	Minnesota (NFC Central, 11-2-1) at Los Angeles (NFC West, 10-3-1)
7—OCT. 31	—	New York Giants (NFC East, 3-11) at St. Louis (NFC East, 10-4)
8—NOV. 7	—	Washington (NFC East, 10-4) at Baltimore (AFC East, 11-3)
9—NOV. 14	—	St. Louis (NFC East, 10-4) at Dallas (NFC East, 11-3)
10—NOV. 21	—	Green Bay (NFC Central, 5-9) at Washington (NFC East, 10-4)
11—NOV. 28	—	Buffalo (AFC East, 2-12) at Oakland (AFC West, 13-1)
12—DEC. 5	—	Baltimore (AFC East, 11-3) at Miami (AFC East, 6-8)
13—DEC. 12	—	Dallas (NFC East, 11-3) at San Francisco (NFC West, 8-6)
14—DEC. 17	—	(SAT.) Minnesota (NFC Central, 11-2-1) at Detroit (NFC Central, 6-8)

NOTE: LAST YEAR'S WIN-LOSS RECORD IS INDICATED IN BRACKETS

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MOVIES

by FRANK DEFORD



BIG FOLKS HAD BETTER GRIN AND BEAR IT

The best part about going to a children's movie is that the audience cheers when it starts. Certainly it did when I saw *The Bad News Bears in Breaking Training* (hereinafter referred to as *BNB II*). Now *BNB II* is not up to *BNB I*, but then, in movies, sports, kissing and most other endeavors, sequels never live up to originals. To be fair we must also look at *BNB II* this way: it is far superior to *Benji II*, and I liked *Benji I* better than *BNB I*. *BNB II* is also infinitely better than any of the silly muck that the simulated adult minds at Disney have been foisting on children for a generation.

In any event, the Bears have been turned into a regular, uh, species. *BNB III*, starring the former Tony Curtis, has begun production in Japan, and *BNB IV* is already in the old think tank. I'm sure we can confidently expect, soon, *The Bad News Bears Meet Jaws*, starring Jerry Lewis and Tuesday Weld.

The Bears were created by Bill Lancaster, Burt's son. I have wondered how much the comic strip *Peanuts* must have subconsciously inspired him; a lot, I suppose. With Charlie Brown, Charles Schulz pioneered bringing sports—baseball especially—into the forefront of adult representations of popular children's culture. Previously, sports played only a small part in the lives of young cartoon characters, and show business appeared almost completely ignorant of how prominent games are in the lives of children. In the *Our Gang* shorts and the Andy Hardy films, right on through *The Partridge Family* and *The Brady Bunch* on TV, the young principals devoted little of their energies to sports and much more to clubs and theatricals ("Hey, gang, we can put the show on right here in the barn!"). Certainly one reason why the Bears have been so popular is that they more accurately reflect the competitive nature of childhood while maintaining the mischievousness.

And yet, it is significant that in both *BNB I* and *II* the Bears are abject failures until they are transformed by an adult (Walter Matthau in *I*, William Devane in *II*). Traditionally in children's films the kids did it themselves. To Hollywood a child's imagination was equivalent, say, to a woman's intuition, and children could pull things off that grown-ups wouldn't dare try. But in the Bears' world of the 1970s, in which children are growing up with atrophied imaginations before a TV set that does all the creating for them, the kids have to depend upon grown-ups to guide them with stylized, old grown-up thinking. And this is peculiar to the Bears' movies, just as it seems, sadly, to be accurate.

Still, in some contradiction, the Bears' principal opponents are adults, not the other kids' teams. Kids loved all the dirty words in *BNB I*, not so much because they were forbidden fruit, but because the movie kids said them to adults, to the actors on the screen and—even better—to the grown-ups watching in the theater. There is little vulgarity in *BNB II*, but the same result is obtained in an early scene in which Kelly (Jackie Earle Haley), the loner, revs up his motorcycle every time a bad grown-up tries to talk. Or in the devil-may-care attitudes struck by the team's obligatory fat kid, Jeffrey Louis Starr, shown above. The kids I took to see *BNB II* delighted in this, for they get the same vicarious thrill by shutting up a grown-up as by cursing him.

In the same way, every kid's favorite scene is not when the Bears finally beat the fancier team, but when little Tanner (Chris Barnes) eludes two grown-ups who chase him about the infield. That is the real victory—over the real generational enemy. The subsequent win over the other team is largely incidental. I trust Tony Curtis will have his charges go easy on the poor Japanese elders. **END**

BASEBALL / *Jim Kaplan*



After being 0–7, Atlanta's Phil Niekro got his flutter back and has resumed his inexorable drive to become the alltime winningest thrower of the Iron Butterfly

He didn't knuckle under

It's time for some revisionist thinking about the knuckleball. For too long hitters and catchers have been perceived as its innocent victims, powerless in the face of the fluttering demon. "I take three swings and sit down," Dick Allen has said. "That way I won't mess up my stroke." And broadcaster Bob Uecker was still a catcher when he first uttered what has become his favorite line: "The way to catch a knuckleball is to wait until the ball stops rolling and then pick it up."

In truth, the knuckler is an indiscriminate imp that preys not only on batters and receivers but also on the pitchers who throw it. The knuckleballer has no idea what the pitch will do. It may dart or dip or do nothing at all, in which case it sits waiting to be picked off like a fat apple on a low branch. As a result, even good knuckleballers often have trouble winning more games than they lose. "They pitch a lot of three-, four- and five-run games," says Johnny Sain, the masterful pitching coach who works these days for the Braves. "There's so much that can happen."

Rarely has anyone been as severely beset by the fickleness of the knuckleball as Atlanta's Phil Niekro has been this season. Having won 17 games for a last-place team in 1976, Niekro felt he had mastered his specialty and turned to polishing other pitches in spring training. He quickly learned that the knuckleball is cruelest to those who forsake it. When he reached for it in April, it was not there. Pushing pitches with an awkward overhand motion, Niekro lost his first seven decisions. "It was the first time in years I found myself worrying," he says. "The margin of error is so slight that you don't always know when you're slipping."

In May, Atlanta Manager Dave Bristol told Niekro to discard his other pitches and go back to his winning knuckleball, which he throws with a delivery that is "a hair under three-quarters." Soon Niekro was back on form—the sharp-nailed index and middle fingers of his right hand digging into the seams and "killing" the spin, the back of his palm thrusting pitches like a basketball chest pass, the ball flicking in and out of the strike zone, the batters fishing hopelessly. "His knuckleball is dancing," moaned Tony Perez of the Expos. "I start swinging here and the ball winds up there."

More than anything, the great speed of Niekro's pitches distinguishes them from other knuckleballs. "His pitches jump quicker and more than anyone else's," says Uecker, who was one of Niekro's first major league catchers.

Since his 0–7 start, Niekro has improved his record to 14–17. The schizoid season has given him league-leading statistics in a mixed bag of categories: strikeouts (224), walks (148), starts (37), losses (17), complete games (18), hits (269), decisions (31), runs (142), innings pitched (284⅓) and earned runs (126).

Sometimes Niekro will give an abbreviated replay of his entire season in a single game. A few starts back, against the Expos, he was No-Hit Niekro for the first 2⅔ innings. Then he began overhanding pitches. Two walks, a wild pitch and three doubles later, Montreal had scored a run in three straight innings. In part because he is a capable hitter—he helped himself in this game with a sacrifice, a single, a run and an RBI—Niekro stayed in. His good stuff returned, and the Braves rallied to go ahead 5–3. But in the eighth Niekro began rushing his deliveries and walked two batters. Bristol came to the mound to tell Niekro to slow down, and he finished strongly. His statistics: three runs and six hits allowed, six strikeouts, five walks, one wild pitch and the usual complete game.

Niekro is not the only knuckleballer enduring an up-and-down season. The Dodgers' Charlie Hough (5–10, 19 saves) started off as perhaps the best reliever in baseball but has cooled off. Wilbur Wood (6–7) of the White Sox is finally back in the rotation after several long stints on the injured list. And Niekro's brother Joe (11–5), who has thrown the knuckler since 1970, worked his

continued

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way into the Astro rotation in July.

But none of them is likely to finish stronger than Phil Niekro. At his present pace he will win 16 games for another sorry bunch of dead-enders, and at 38 he could become the second oldest (Early Wynn was a few months older) to win a league strikeout title. Just as surely as Hoyt Wilhelm was the best reliever to throw the Iron Butterfly, Niekro has established himself as the top knuckleballing starter. In the past 10 years he has averaged 16 wins and had only one losing season, while the Braves have finished at .500 or worse seven times. During that period only six active pitchers have won more. With 175 career victories, Niekro is within easy range of Dutch Leonard's career record for a knuckleballer of 191 wins. Merely middle-aged by knuckleball standards—Wilhelm retired at 48—Niekro should pass Leonard and then some. "There's nothing in the uniform player contract about maximum age," says Niekro, who has missed two starts in 10 seasons. "I don't even think about the subject."

According to popular lore, knuckleballers scarcely have to work at all. Supposedly they lay back, throw a pitch that comes easily to them and hope for the best. Sain feels the stereotype is inaccurate. "To throw a pitch like that you have to be a craftsman," he says. "That's why so few people have been able to learn it. And you have to have great control over yourself. Can you imagine a guy who gets all excited throwing a knuckleball?"

With his sad eyes, self-deprecating Polish jokes and legendary sleeping habits—he once snored through a brawl on a team charter—Niekro is appropriately phlegmatic. He keeps no books on hitters, cares not which park or what weather he is pitching in and never takes his losses out of the clubhouse. Niekro also forgoes all superstitions, which is no small feat for a man born with one green eye and one blue eye on April Fool's Day. "A woman who lives nearby brings over a four-leaf clover every time I pitch at home, and a man insists on having a beer at my house," he says. "It's not something I would do, but I appreciate their help."

Niekro prefers helping himself in more tangible ways—with his good hitting, bunting, fielding and pickoff moves. He is also extraordinarily helpful to others, spending countless unpaid hours at a host of charitable activities ranging from the Big Brothers to the March of Dimes. When Niekro was given a special day by Lansing, Ohio, the mining town of 950 where he and John Havlicek shared the limelight as three-sport high school heroes, he reciprocated by writing a 44-line poem of tribute that was published in a local newspaper.

It may be because Niekro is so considerate of others that he refuses to so much as smirk at hitters who swing wildly at his fierce floaters. But then again, it may be because he is no dummy. The knuckleball, as he knows too well, always has the last laugh.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 28-Sept. 3)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL EAST Getting superb performances from its Shake and Bake center-field combination, its Bionic Pitcher and a worried father-to-be, Philadelphia (5–1) was the only Eastern team with a winning record. Although Garry (Shake) Maddox had a sore shoulder and Bake McBride a gimpy knee, they combined for 11 hits in 25 at bats. Maddox drove in three runs as 38-year-old Jim Kaat beat Atlanta. Kaat, whose son Jim Jr. thinks his dad is "a bionic man," won his 253rd game and became the 25th man to pitch 4,000 major league innings. After Steve Carlton (19–8) struck out nine Braves in a 6–1 victory, McBride knocked in all the runs in a 3–0 triumph over the Reds. One of McBride's hits was his 13th homer. That victory went to Jim Lonborg, who tossed a five-hitter in between phone calls to his wife. She gave birth to a baby girl the next day. The win was the Phillies' 15th in a row at home, breaking a club record dating back to 1890. McBride had another homer and three more RBIs as Larry Christenson (13–6) stopped the Reds 9–3.

Ten stolen bases raised the Pirates' total to 200—tops in the majors—but otherwise there was little zip in the Pittsburgh (2–3) attack. Phil Garner's three hits and three steals, coupled with John Candelaria's four-hitter, brought about a 3–1 win over the Giants.

St. Louis and Chicago (both 1–5) struggled on the West Coast. The Cardinals broke a seven-game losing streak by trimming the Giants 6–4, but that still left them with a 3–14 road record against California teams. Bruce Sutter of the Cubs got his 26th save as he wrapped up Rick Reuschel's 19th win, a 4–1 verdict in Los Angeles.

Home runs by Gary Carter and Tony Perez, who hit .409, enabled Montreal (2–4) to knock off Cincinnati 7–2. Steve Rogers, who began the week with a 7–2 loss during which he walked seven Astros, ended it by beating Houston 5–1 on six hits and no bases on balls.

Three home runs and 10 RBIs by Steve Henderson accounted for much of the New York (2–4) offense. Henderson drove in three runs as Pat Zachry beat Atlanta 4–0.

PHIL 83–50 PITT 77–58 CHI 71–62
ST.L 72–63 MONT 61–73 NY 53–81

NL WEST The Dodgers (5–1) reveled in statistical accomplishments as they pulled 10½ games ahead of the Reds. Five was Steve Garvey's number as he came through with that many runs, RBIs and hits (two of them homers) in an 11–0 blitzing of St. Louis. Don Sutton (13–8) pitched that shutout and then held off Pittsburgh 6–4. In the process, he passed Grover Cleveland Alexander and moved into 24th place on the all-time strikeout list with 2,199. Garvey also gave Sutton ample support in his second win, hitting his 29th homer and driving in his 99th and 100th runs. During the week, Garvey batted .480 and had 11 RBIs. More numbers: Reggie Smith hit his 25th and 26th homers, Ron Cey his 25th, and Tommy John and Rick Rhoden won their 16th games.

Not that the Reds (3–3) were without glittering statistics of their own. While defeating Montreal 6–0, Tom Seaver became the 11th pitcher to get 2,500 strikeouts. George Foster hammered his 43rd and 44th home runs, Johnny Bench his 29th, Joe Morgan his 21st.

Willie McCovey of San Francisco (3–2) drove in his 1,400th run in a 4–1 win over Chicago. Darrell Evans had four hits, including a three-run homer, during a 6–3 victory against the Pirates that gave the Giants a 10–2 record in their season series with the Bucs.

J. R. Richard of Houston (4–1), long noted for wildness, hurled his second straight game without a walk as he stopped Montreal 5–2. That was the final victory in an eight-game winning streak during which the Astros had their best-ever home stand (7–0).

George Hendrick of San Diego (5–1) did it all: he hit .542, had two game-winning hits and helped lock up a pair of victories with dazzling catches in center field. Dan Spillner got his sixth save and a win and Rollie Fingers had his 29th, 30th and 31st saves. Fingers also got his first hit since the 1973 World Series and pitched the final two innings of a 5–0 win over Chicago in which Randy Jones went the first seven innings.

Everybody in the West played at least .500 ball—except the Braves (2–5), whose most depressing defeat came when Reliever Steve Hargan walked four Phillies in the 14th inning and lost 3–2. Another reliever, Dave Campbell, saved two wins over the Mets.

LA 82–53 CIN 72–64 HOUS 65–70
SF 83–73 SD 51–76 ATL 49–86

continued

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AL WEST

The Royals (5–2) were not overpowering—they had an average of only .243—but they had enough pop to take a four-game lead. Paul Splittorff yielded only one hit (a pinch single by Charlie Moore with two out in the eighth) as he defeated Milwaukee 3–0. Doug Bird came out of the bullpen to wrap up three wins; since the All-Star break he has either won or saved 13 games. Hal McRae, who leads the majors in doubles with 45, had four.

Tight pitching by Ken Kravec and Clay Carroll enabled Chicago (2–3) to cling to second place. Kravec beat Cleveland 3–1, and Carroll, reacquired from St. Louis, tossed 3⅓ innings of scoreless relief to hold off Baltimore 6–3.

Revealing photographs were taken of Gaylord Perry of Texas (2–3) while he mowed down Kansas City 8–2. The pictures showed Perry in the dugout between innings, apparently taking something from a tube and dabbing it behind his right ear. And they depicted Perry on the mound fingering the spot next to his ear. All Perry would say after his four-hitter was, "I had all my stuff." Texas Shortstop Bert Campaneris had his 2,000th hit in that game.

For the first time since 1970, attendance in Minnesota (2–4) exceeded one million. Twins fans savored a 7–6, 6–5 doubleheader sweep of Toronto in which Larry Hisle got seven hits and Tom Johnson his 15th win in relief.

Nolan Ryan (18–13) of the Angels (1–5) downed Cleveland 7–3 and went over the 300 mark in strikeouts for the fifth time in six seasons. Bobby Bonds' 32nd and 33rd homers could not avert a 12–9 loss in Detroit.

Oakland (3–3) moved half a game ahead of Seattle (2–3) in its battle for sixth place. Mitchell Page slugged four home runs, two as the A's overcame the Red Sox 8–7. Glenn Abbott of the Mariners held off the Blue Jays 4–3 for his 11th win. Abbott later said that his roommate, John Montague, "kept me awake all night telling me how many forkballs he was going to throw." After Montague pitched, Abbott said, "Do you know how many forkballs he threw? Not one." Forkball or not, Montague baffled the Blue Jays 6–2.

KC 79–54 CHI 74–57 TEX 74–59 MINN 75–61
CAL 62–69 OAK 52–80 SEA 54–83

AL EAST

Left-handed pitchers and sluggers helped New York (6–0) build a 4½-game lead. Rookie Ron Guidry hurled two shutouts, a 1–0 two-hitter against Texas and a 4–0 six-hitter in Minnesota. Sparky Lyle did not allow a run in 7⅔ innings as he won three times in three days, thanks to dramatic home runs by lefty swingers. A three-run pinch homer in the eighth by Chris Chambliss overhauled the Royals 5–3 to start Lyle's streak. Mickey Rivers led off the 11th inning of the next game with a game-winning homer that toppled the Mariners 6–5. And Graig Nettles opened the bottom of the ninth the following night with a home run that finished off Seattle 5–4. For Nettles it was his second homer of the game, third of the week and 34th of the season.

Jim Rice of Boston (4–3) tied Nettles for the league lead as he homered four times. Three of Rice's drives came during an 8–7 loss to the A's, and his fourth as the Red Sox nipped the Rangers 2–1. Reggie Cleveland notched his first and second saves, Bill Campbell his 22nd and 23rd.

A grand-slam homer by Pat Kelly and four-hit pitching by Rudy May enabled Baltimore (4–2) to beat Nolan Ryan and the Angels 6–1. The next day Jim Palmer downed California 8–2, and then the Orioles completed a three-game sweep when Doug DeCinces homered in the eighth to defeat Frank Tanana 4–3.

Milt Wilcox of Detroit (5–1), who insists he built up his ailing arm by bowling, threw strikes from the mound rather than on the lanes last week. His 5–2 defeat of Milwaukee was his first complete game in the majors since 1974 and gave him a 6–0 record since his recall from the minors. Three homers by Aurelio Rodriguez, seven RBIs by Rusty Staub and Dave Rozema's 15th victory also helped lift the Tigers within three games of .500.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LOU BROCK: With two stolen bases in a game against San Diego, the St. Louis outfielder increased his total to 893, thereby tying and then surpassing Ty Cobb's 49-year-old major league record for steals in a career.

Duane Kuiper of Cleveland (4–3) ended the longest current homerless drought in either league when he cleared the fence for the first time in 1,382 at bats. (That left three full-time major leaguers without a homer this season: Dave Cash of Montreal, Rob Andrews of San Francisco and Mike Champion of San Diego.) Kuiper's homer, plus two by Andre Thornton and another by Bruce Bochte, propelled the Indians to a 9–2 romp over the White Sox. Rico Carty had two homers and five runs batted in as the Indians slugged their way past the Mariners 10–6.

Milwaukee (2–4) won big (10–1 over Chicago) and small (1–0 over Detroit). The latter victory was built around the pitching of Jerry Augustine and Eduardo Rodriguez and an RBI double by Ed Kirkpatrick.

The week was a bummer for Toronto (0–5). Dave Lemanczyk closed in on the modern mark for wild pitches in one season (21) by unleashing his 15th and 16th. Roy Howell, who hit .368 in August, struck out 10 times and ended a 13-game hitting streak by going hitless in his last 13 times up.

NY 82–52 BOS 77–56 BALT 76–56 DET 65–68
CLEV 53–72 MIL 58–83 TOR 45–86

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Hello, big time, so long, streak

Rutgers, winner of 18 straight games, was looking forward to the dawn of a new era when it scheduled Penn State. Instead the Scarlet Knights were taught a harsh lesson in expecting too much too soon

After 108 years of playing football and, most recently, 18 straight victories against a lot of Lehighs and Bucknells, ambitious Rutgers sent its troops against the big boys last Friday night, and Penn State all but left them for dead. After this one they'll probably rename Giants Stadium in New Jersey Little Bighorn Stadium. At least Custer had the Seventh Cavalry. Rutgers had nothing. At least not in this league.

The final score was 45–7, and long before it had reached those proportions most of the 64,790 fans were fleeing into the hot muggy night, more than one of them wondering what will happen when Rutgers starts playing Alabama and others of that stature in the next few years.

The final score was not a true measure of Penn State's dominance. By halftime the Nittany Lions were leading 38–0, had 342 yards to Rutgers' 51, and, if Penn State Coach Joe Paterno had so chosen, the final score could have been 80–0. Before the game ended, Penn State played every man it had, 74 in all—because of an NCAA regulation limiting traveling squads, some paid their own way to East Rutherford—and for the final 27 minutes Paterno ordered his quarterbacks not to pass.

"It was tough, telling our kids not to throw," said Paterno. "We've got three hard games [Houston, Maryland and Kentucky] coming up and we needed the experience. There were a lot of things we wanted to try, but if we tried them they might have worked and that would have just run up the score. I won't run up the score against anybody."

After a relatively dismal 7–5 record last season, Paterno rebuilt his offensive line and redesigned an experienced but weak defense. He went in against Rutgers believing that the 1977 Lions can be a good team. When it was over, he still didn't know. "You can't tell an awful lot in a game like this," he said. "You don't know if you're that good or they're that bad. I may go home and look at the pictures and say, hey, we are a long way off."

When he looks at the movies what he'll see, among other things, are two fine scoring runs by Fullback Matt Suhey, one of them 51 yards, two more by second-string Tailback Mike Guman; another by second-string Fullback Bob Torrey; and Chuck Fusina's 31-yard scoring pass to Split End Bob Bassett. Plus Matt Bahr's 23-yard field goal. And a typical hard-nosed Penn State defense that gave up 25 yards on the ground and 130 through the air. Rutgers' lone score came in the closing minutes on a four-yard run by Halfback Lester Johnson.

In fairness to Rutgers, which had planned its move toward bigger things to begin next year, the Penn State di-

continued



Rutgers Quarterback Jeff Rebholz (14) wasn't alone in feeling overwhelmed. Penn State walloped the Scarlet Knights 45–7.

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saster happened more by accident than by design. Last spring Duke and Penn State got into a scheduling dispute and elected to part company, canceling their game scheduled for Sept. 10. So Penn State needed an 11th game. "We could have gone a lot of places," Paterno said, "but I liked the idea of playing Rutgers. It would be a great rivalry, state schools in sister states."

Rutgers has been talking to Penn State about a possible series for the past two years. So when Penn State called with an offer to play this season—plus three more games in the future—the Scarlet Knights were more than interested. Too, Rutgers was miffed that despite an 11–0 record last season, it was ranked only 17th nationally and had received but one bowl bid, and that from the inaugural Independence Bowl at Shreveport, La. The bid was rejected.

But now Rutgers had a problem: it already had 11 games scheduled, including Colgate for Sept. 10. Colgate was asked to step aside. After last year's game (you may remember that crazy punt-penalty Rutgers victory) Colgate has been counting the days until it could meet the Scarlet Knights again. Colgate refused to cooperate. Finally, Rutgers got Columbia to drop its date, making room for Penn State. But that meant they would have to meet on the weekend *before* Labor Day. Neither side was happy with that.

"To be blunt about it," said Frank Burns, the dour Rutgers coach, "I don't think it's right for a kid to play as early as this. I would not want my team to open this early again."

Burns also was well aware of the particular perils of playing Penn State this year. Last season his Knights had led the nation in total defense and rushing defense and had tied Michigan in scoring defense. But five defensive starters from that team had graduated.

"This is the kind of football game we want Rutgers to be involved in," Burns said. "Winning would be a great accomplishment and really boost the program. But the important thing right now is that we have reached the point where we are playing teams such as Penn State."

Burns thought about that for a moment, then added, "A win would be a feather in our cap. A big plus. But if we lose, the average guy on the street will be saying, 'Didn't I tell you so.' Fortunately, I think we have the kind of people who are mature enough to handle a victory or a loss. If we win, I hope we are mature enough to maintain our balance and pace. If we lose, we should shrug it off and play as we are capable."

Significantly, none of Burns' players spoke of victory. Instead the consensus echoed the coach's long-range enthusiasm. "We've upgraded the program the last few years, but the Penn State game is what it's all about," said Linebacker Jim Hughes. "This is the start of some-

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thing that should have been going on quite a while."

Middle Guard Rich Wagner agreed. "Losing to teams like Bucknell would be a disaster at this point. But this is Penn State, and if we lose it's no big deal. We've heard all the talk about stepping up; well, this is it."

Quarterback Bert Kosup said, "I think even a bad loss would only be a blow to our pride for a short time. We know it's the greatest opportunity we've had to show people what Rutgers can do in football. But the whole season isn't going down the drain if we lose."

On that note they gathered on a Friday night and played. Hughes said he knew what Penn State had. "A stereotyped white boy's offense. They run well but they're all short, stocky and look alike."

Penn State's short, stocky look-alikes opened haltingly. They gave the ball up on a fumble, scored on a two-yard run by Suhey, then lost another fumble. After that they got serious, Suhey showing the way with his 51-yard scamper around left end. The next two times the Nittany Lions had the ball they muscled 93 and 96 yards for touchdowns, the first coming on a 15-yard run by Guman, the second on Fusina's pass to Bassett. Then Penn State marched 27 yards after a fumble recovery, this time scoring on a two-yard dive by Guman. Rutgers' fumble on the ensuing kickoff set up Bahr's field goal with just two seconds left in the half. That made it 38–0.

When the second half opened, Paterno elected to take one final look at his starting offense. One more was enough, in this case. Penn State went 72 yards in nine plays, the last a nine-yard scoring run by Torrey. Bahr's extra-point kick made it 45–0, and that's when Paterno pulled the plug. There were still 26 minutes and 35 seconds to play.

"That last touchdown," said Paterno, "I just told them to take it in, get it over with and then everybody would play."

And everybody did. All 74 of them.

"You have to hand it to Rutgers," Paterno said. "They never quit. They were battling right to the end. And cleanly. They didn't take any cheap shots. You have to admire them; they have class."

If Rutgers has seen what the future is like in the big time and discovered it looks grim, the players didn't show it. The talk in the Scarlet Knights' locker room was still forward-looking, specifically about where everyone was going to celebrate the Labor Day weekend. Even Burns, who was sparing with his words during the 18-game win streak, joined in the lightheartedness. "Was it a good learning experience?" he was asked. "No, I don't like to be taught that way." But Athletic Director Fred Gruninger summed it up best. "Well, we made some mistakes early," he said. Like last April when he scheduled the game **END**

ARLENE PORTNEY

HOME: Meadowbrook, Pennsylvania

AGE: 27

PROFESSION: Concert pianist

HOBBIES: Mountain climbing, model-railroading, squash.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Ada" by Vladimir Nabokov

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: First American woman ever to have won first prize in a major international piano competition: The Prix Beracasa, Paris, France.

QUOTE: "I've always felt that art is to be cherished. It convinces us of the dignity of life, and that for which civilizations have been remembered."

PROFILE: Sensitive, gifted and thoroughly dynamic. A true romantic, she's committed to making music more accessible to everyone.

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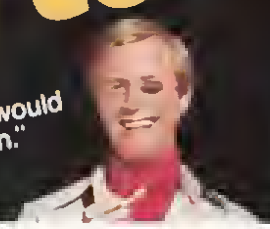
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It all began with a garage sale

Karsten Solheim parlayed $1,100 and his genius into a $20 million business

At 65, many people find golf an elixir, and such is the case with Karsten Solheim, though his handicap grows higher each year. For even if he is unable to improve his own score, any day now he may come up with a startling way to help Tony Jacklin or Debbie Austin lower theirs. Solheim is regarded by the touring pros as the most ingenious designer of golf clubs in the world.

His burgeoning golf-equipment company had its genesis 17 years ago in his garage. With a loan of $1,100, he began by making the mold for a putter that would, after several frustrating years, become a sensation on the pro tour. Now Solheim manufactures a full line of clubs—even his own golf balls—and his business is worth $20 million. The garage and kitchen assembly lines have been replaced by the Karsten Manufacturing Corporation, a series of air-conditioned buildings set against a mountain backdrop on Phoenix' northwest side. And that early putter, called the Ping because of the sound it made when it struck the ball, remains one of the most popular models on the tour. Karsten has annual sales of more than $10 million and ranks among the top five golf-equipment companies. In rival boardrooms, executives worry about what this weekend golfer (he had only played the game for six years when he designed the Ping) will come up with next.

Like auto manufacturers, golf-club makers seem to believe that new shoelaces can transform old sneakers. Innovations are rare. The steel shaft was an exception, but it was introduced long ago. Yet in the gallery at any pro tournament, you can find half a dozen people who claim to have the remedy for the slice or hook: a differently honed club. What sets Solheim apart is that he had a design that worked, and he persevered, endured ridicule and triumphed.

Solheim was born in Norway and was brought to this country as an infant. When he was forced to drop out of college during the Depression because he was broke, he worked as a cobbler in his hometown of Seattle, saving his money so that someday he could continue his education. He never returned to college but pursued his engineering bent at Ryan Aeronautical and Convair.

In 1953 he went to work for General Electric and had a lot to do with the development of the portable television set. Solheim also created the rabbit-ears antenna. GE was not interested in manufacturing it, so he took his idea to a Chicago electronics company, and over a lobster-tail dinner, gave the company president the design gratis. When the outfit produced its two-millionth antenna, two gold-plated ones were given to Solheim, who thought ruefully, "The next time I invent something, I'll make it myself." Which he proceeded to do.

"All my life I was hoping to build something that somebody wanted," he says. "The last thing I had in mind was a golf club. But if I was planning my life, I don't know of anything that would be more enjoyable." His iron design, which involves weighting clubs on their perimeters and making them from molds instead of forging them, a process called "investment casting," has been imitated by every major manufacturer. By casting the clubs, Solheim ensured uniformity and eliminated the grinding process needed to hone a forged club. (A Ping pro could not have had the trouble Tom Watson and others had last month at the PGA, when the grooves in their irons were found to be too wide.) In the past, manufacturers prized their expert grinders as much as opera companies value their stars. People like John Huggins of MacGregor were craftsmen, and touring pros could look at a set of clubs and tell you if it had a Huggins grind. "Karsten's investment-cast clubs changed the whole business," says Leon Nelson, once head of MacGregor's advisory staff. "Companies are able to spring up overnight because the new clubs are so easy to make."

Solheim's factory is a notably informal place. Recently a worker charged into the office of the President and Chairman of the Board and complained that her workbench was the wrong height. Solheim said he would fix it over the weekend. He relishes his success, a token of which is a $500,000 computer, with which he can check such things as the progress of the Malaysian prime minister's latest order or the number of nine-irons ready for shipping. A few years ago, he was using a hair dryer as one of the tools on his assembly line.

Because of his bizarre appearance—a goatee the color of aluminum and eyebrows so bushy that they seem to dogleg off into space—and radical ideas, Solheim was considered a kook when he began showing up at tour events around 1960, but he was perceptive enough to head straight for the practice putting green. That is where the tour's sick and wounded pull in for repairs, and they always are looking for a miracle cure. His eyebrows fluttering in the breeze, Solheim spread graph paper over the green as a curious, mumbling group of pros gathered. He attached a marking device to a player's putter and showed him why

continued



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HOLLOWAY

"One shell of a jacket"

his putts wobbled. "Everybody will look at something weird, and it sure looked weird," says Bob Goetz, the club professional at Preston Trail in Dallas. Goetz was the first player to use Solheim's Ping putter (Solheim now markets 49 other models), which makes its distinctive sound because vibrations are trapped in its curved construction. The sound was not the reason for its success, of course. The club has a larger sweet spot, balls can be lined up more easily with it and it is adaptable to all kinds of grass.

John Barnum was the first tournament winner to use a Ping putter, in a senior event, and in 1967 Julius Boros, then 46, an age when putting becomes particularly painful, won the Phoenix Open using one. When pros like George Archer, then the tour's best player around the greens, started brandishing a Solheim, the stampede was on. Solheim quit his job with General Electric and set up manufacturing lines. Sales went from $50,000 in 1966 to $800,000 in 1968.

When Solheim decided to move into irons and woods, he arrived at the practice tee with a set of clubs that had strips of stainless steel across their backs, hiding their design characteristics. (To this day, he is secretive about his work. Dogs patrol the research and development departments of his factory, and visitors are not allowed to carry cameras.) He also brought clubs with bent shafts that effectively reduced torque—the twisting action that makes you feel as if you have just hit a park statue and that sends your ball veering toward the weeds. But the USGA, ever vigilant about anyone lessening the misery of the game, outlawed the bent shafts. Still, his less extreme irons and his woods worked as well as the putter, and even if pros did not play them as much, partly because Solheim did not pay the huge equipment contracts proffered by other manufacturers, the public did. Now almost every set of clubs bought in a pro shop incorporates Solheim's designs.

"I want to make a club that's honest," says Solheim, discussing the adversary relationship any manufacturer has with the USGA, "but the weekend golfer needs all the help he can get. The golf club can be improved. I understand what the 'secret' would be, but how to get my finger on it is the problem. It's going to take us time, but it's something we might accidentally do tomorrow." **END**

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Fill with lemonade in tall glass

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1½ oz Blackberry Flavored Brandy, ginger ale over ice in 8-oz glass

Black and Blue
1½ oz Blackberry Flavored Brandy Club soda and ice Serve in "rock" glass with wedge of lemon

Blackberry Fruit Cup
1½ oz Blackberry Flavored Brandy Orange juice over ice in 8-oz glass with twist of lemon

Big Apple
2 oz Triple Sec
Serve with apple juice in tall glass over ice. Garnish with a wedge of lime

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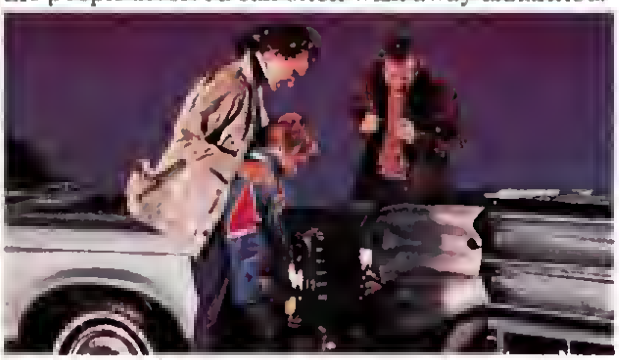
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The Importance of Being Earnie, Act 1

In which Shavers runs up an impressive string of KOs—interspersed with a few lamentable KOs by—and gets a title bout with Ali. Act II? Tune in Sept. 29

Behold the puncher, the ever-dangerous man in the ring. Behold Earnie Shavers, who will face Muhammad Ali for the heavyweight championship of the world in two weeks. Despite Shavers' credentials—52 knockouts in 54 victories, 33 of them in a row, 32 first- or second-round KOs—the critics remain underwhelmed. Angelo Dundee, who trains Ali, compares Shavers with Bob Satterfield, the up-and-down sensation who enlivened the early days of televised boxing. "Shavers is a do-or-don't fighter," Dundee says.

Either way, he keeps busy, at times too busy for his own good. After 17 amateur bouts around his hometown of Warren, Ohio, he won the national AAU heavyweight title in 1969. He turned pro with a vengeance, taking three fights—in Akron, Orlando, Fla. and Seattle—in a nine-day period, winning two and suffering the first of his five losses, to the then- and still-obscure Stan Johnson.

"I've heard it all about me," says the 6', 216-pound Shavers. "They say, 'That guy's a dog. That guy's got no heart. That guy can't fight.' " Shavers recalls that his former manager, Don King, expressed the same sentiments after Shavers had been knocked out by Jerry Quarry in the first round. "Now King comes around with this 'Brother, we got to get together' stuff," says Shavers, savoring the moment. King was not alone in dismissing Shavers after the Quarry fight. "There were a whole mess of people who now call me brother, cuz or honey, who didn't know my name the day I lost," says Shavers. "It was like a covey of quail scattering before a rain cloud."

All told, Shavers has been knocked out three times, by Ron Stander in the fifth round in 1970, by Quarry in 1973 and by Ron Lyle in the sixth round in 1975. Win or lose, fight fans are convinced Shavers tends to run out of gas. It is a theory that is difficult to prove or disprove. Indeed, he has only gone the full 10 rounds eight times, but then, in most of his fights he didn't need to.

Whatever, Shavers now talks of a new beginning for an old team. He is back with his original co-manager, Blackie Gennaro, a millionaire road builder from Youngstown, Ohio, and Trainer Frank Luca.

Luca is sometimes called Lucas, as in "my man Lucas," articulated with an English accent by Shavers when Luca is chauffeuring him. The little trainer willingly accepts the role of servant; he, too, was once a Don King employee and was fired. Now he is the indispensable man, and Shavers will not enter the ring if Luca isn't in his corner.

"That Shavers ain't so bad, after all," Earnie Shavers said the other day, enjoying the pastoral view from the picture window of the $150,000, one-bedroom lodge at his training camp in Calcutta, Ohio. Shavers obviously feels it suits a man who will earn some $300,000 by fighting Ali.

The camp mood has been spare and to the point—no entourage, just workers. Gennaro was in the kitchen cooking dinner, Luca was at the door to turn away favor-seekers. After each trip, Luca called out, "We got to put up a gate and get a guard to man it." No distractions, no irritations. While Shavers was out at the grindstone sharpening a lethal array of axes for wood-chopping exercise, Luca said his fighter was relaxed and that, despite the importance of the fight, he had a sense of destiny.

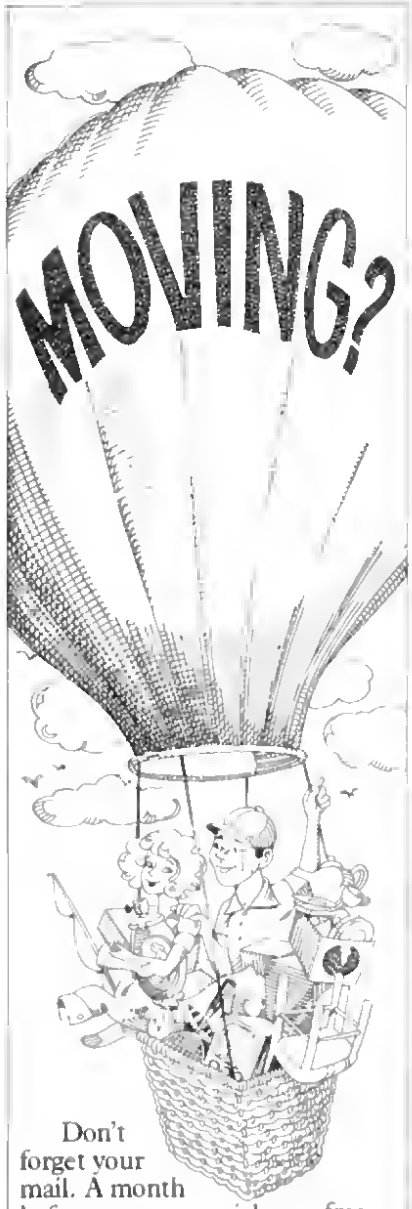
Shavers' euphoria is partly the result of his having convinced himself of the truth of an old boxing maxim: different fighters make for different fights. For example, George Foreman demolishes Ken Norton in two rounds and Joe Frazier in five. Yet Foreman looks foolish against Ali, while both Frazier and Norton fight the champ on even terms. More to the point is the case of Jimmy Young, who nearly beat Ali, nearly became champion of the world—and there are many who insist that he did. Yet the same Jimmy Young was kayoed by Shavers in the first round in 1973 and could only manage a draw in their return bout in 1974. These are the reasons for Shavers' sense of well-being.

"We've all had a series of dreams with Earnie winning by a KO," says Luca, who has his own theory on the mysterious disappearance of the Ali punch, which joins such other explanations as bad hands, boredom and Ali's sweet, loving spirit, which gets in the way of the old killer instinct. "Ali has taken too many punches to the sides and arms," Luca reasons. "All that laying on the ropes and catching punishment has damaged the tissue and nerves." Although this remains a theory, Luca contends that the evidence is ir-

continued



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refutable; in the Alfredo Evangelista fight Ali was pawing with his right, once his most lethal punch. "At times he was lunging, which makes me wonder about his balance," Luca says.

Shavers has no doubts about his own punching ability. "I'm a natural puncher and can take out any opponent." In an April fight he speared Howard Smith with a straight right that sent Smith back into the ropes before he dropped face first to the canvas. "Most of the time it is a right uppercut, left hand, that does the damage," he says. "Sometimes I can feel the flesh separating from the bone."

This ability to disintegrate folks seems to come from his enormous back and shoulders which seem much too big for Shavers' frame. He claims the muscular development comes from chopping cotton as a preschooler in Garland, Ala. before his family moved north. He insists that he can remember a plantation master named Mister Gilmore, who was 8' tall and slightly less loving than Simon Legree. The title of his autobiography, says Shavers, will be something like "Mister Gilmore's Boy Goes North and Makes It Big." He drills home an imaginary hard blow to punctuate it.

Still, preoccupation with the big punch has at times been Shavers' undoing. "I was loading up with every blow and the tension worked against me," he says. In 1975 Shavers had Lyle down for the first time in his career, a short hook in the second round having dropped him for the count of nine. Shavers' camp claims the count was more like 29, because the referee followed Shavers to a neutral corner and didn't resume the count until he had paced back and forth a few times. "We had a priest with us, a proper guy, who got so excited that he jumped up and yelled, 'Son of a bitch, they're robbing us!'" Gennaro says. "After that it's a two-minute rest between rounds. It was awful, but we fought in Denver, Lyle's town, and he doesn't lose there."

Left unsaid was the fact that Shavers was then stopped by Lyle in the sixth round. The midpoint in his fights has been a critical juncture for Shavers in the past. Jimmy Jacobs, the fight-film collector, calls Shavers the most dangerous fighter in the game—for 15 minutes.

Shavers insists he is a new man. No longer does he load up on every punch, growing arm-weary and desperate by the sixth round. "I've learned to relax, to shift my weight and pivot. Six inches is all I need to end the fight," he says.

From the evidence, Shavers has indeed improved as the stakes escalate; for $100,000 he is a more motivated fighter than he was for $50,000. In a bout last year with Roy Williams, a 6'4", hands-up, difficult-to-hit opponent, Shavers began to get the old sinking feeling in the 10th round. Luca, recognizing the symptoms, ran around the ring shouting, "Think of your five girls! Think of their future! Think of what you're doing! Think of the *money*!" That did it. Shavers straightened up, got down to business and knocked out Williams—which led to the $300,000 purse for the Ali fight.

At 33, Shavers not only aspires to Ali's title, but he also hopes to succeed him as the world's greatest consumer. Gennaro and Luca encourage his dreams, and Gennaro, the 10th child in a poor family of 17, understands such passion. Shavers could not have a better example: Gennaro owns two fire engines as toys, plus a cream and brown 1964 Rolls-Royce.

Shavers also owns a Rolls, a burgundy Silver Cloud bearing Ohio license RD1. He would like to have a home swimming pool in the shape of a boxing glove. The challenger feels he doesn't have much time to indulge high-priced interests; he does not really like boxing. In a precise paraphrase of Sonny Liston he says, "A man has to be crazy to enjoy getting hit on the side of the head." His aversion to the profession is the best of all incentives. Shavers' idea is to win the title, hold it for three fights, 18 months or thereabouts, and run off with all the millions.

But is this likely to happen? Chances are remote. Ali gives nothing away, his title included, and the officials, especially in New York, are unwilling to hand it over. Shavers has the puncher's one chance, the ability to separate a man from his senses. Unfortunately, he is picking on the wrong man. It is only the Ali punch that has mysteriously failed; his chin—and the moves that keep it relatively unendangered—is the best in boxing. That and history are on Ali's side; he has experienced his finest moments against the heavy hitters: Liston, Cleveland Williams, George Foreman.

Still, Luca maintains, "It happens to everyone, even the greatest must come to an end. Are you listening, Muhammad? We're going to stop the world and let you off. We're going to retire you from boxing." END

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If you find that a little hard to believe, consider that a number of coaches are using biorhythms to work out training schedules, since athletes seem to be more injury-prone during physical low periods. Some coaches are even using biorhythms in planning their lineups, starting players who are up biorhythmically.

Obviously, biorhythms don't turn a championship athlete into an amateur. Or vice versa. And if you're down biorhythmically, you can still psych yourself up to overcome it.

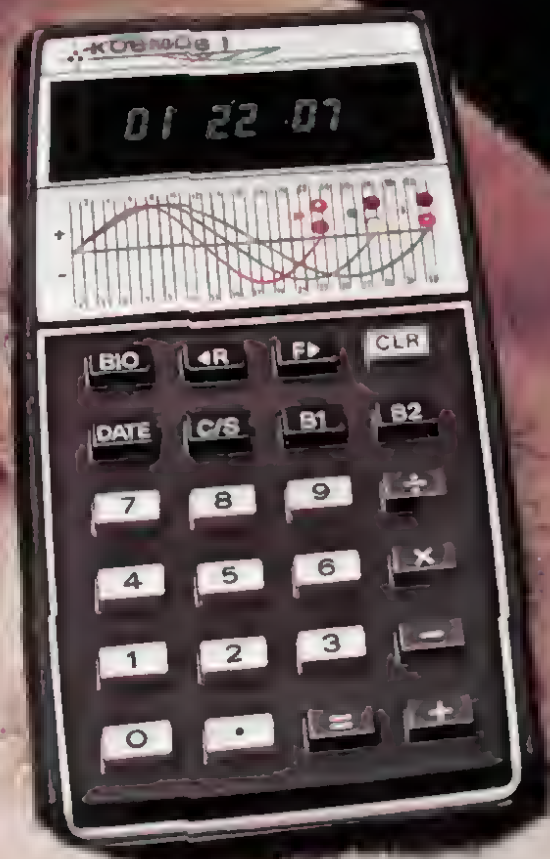
But that's the point.

To overcome a biorhythmic low, you have to know you're having one. And that's where the Kosmos I comes in.

It tells you your biorhythms instantly. Its dual memory lets you compare your biorhythms to your opponent's. So if he's up and you're down, you'll know you have to play harder. And if you've got the upper hand biorhythmically, you can feel more confident about your performance.

Very simply, the Kosmos I is the best, most complete hand-held biorhythm computer made. As well as being an excellent four-function calculator.

The Kosmos I won't replace your favorite racket or putter. But it's the one piece of sports equipment that could help you use all the others a little bit better.

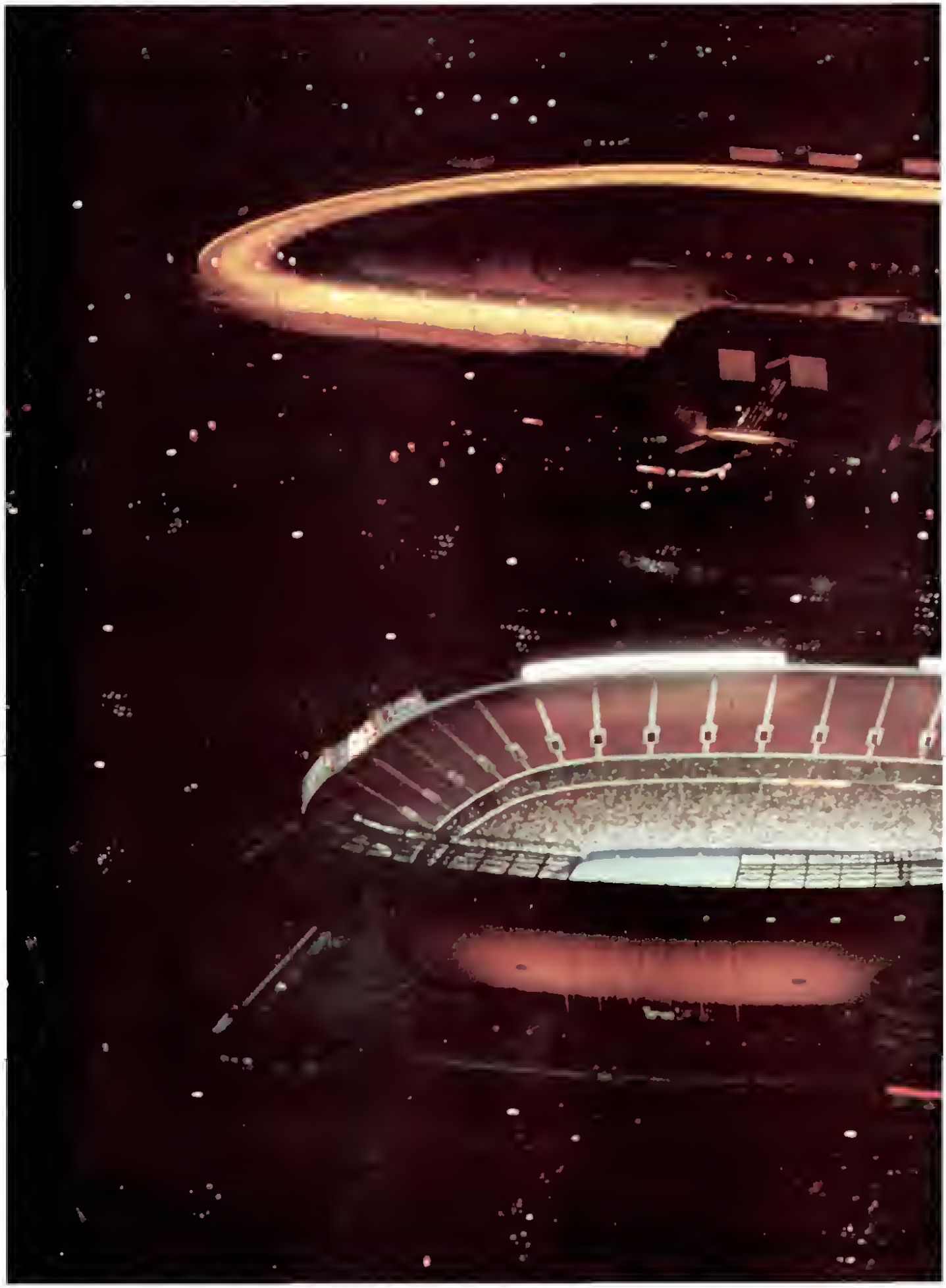


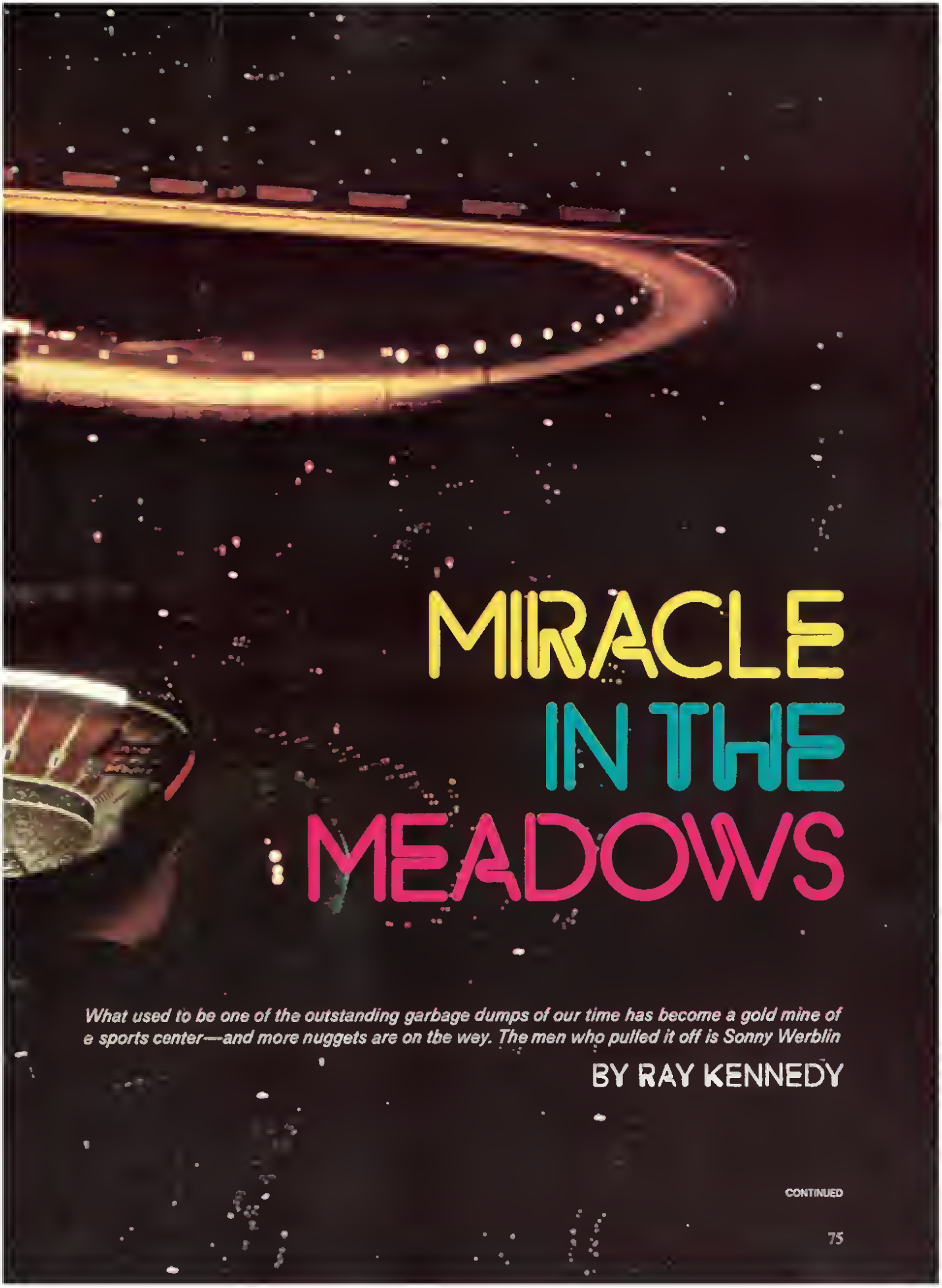
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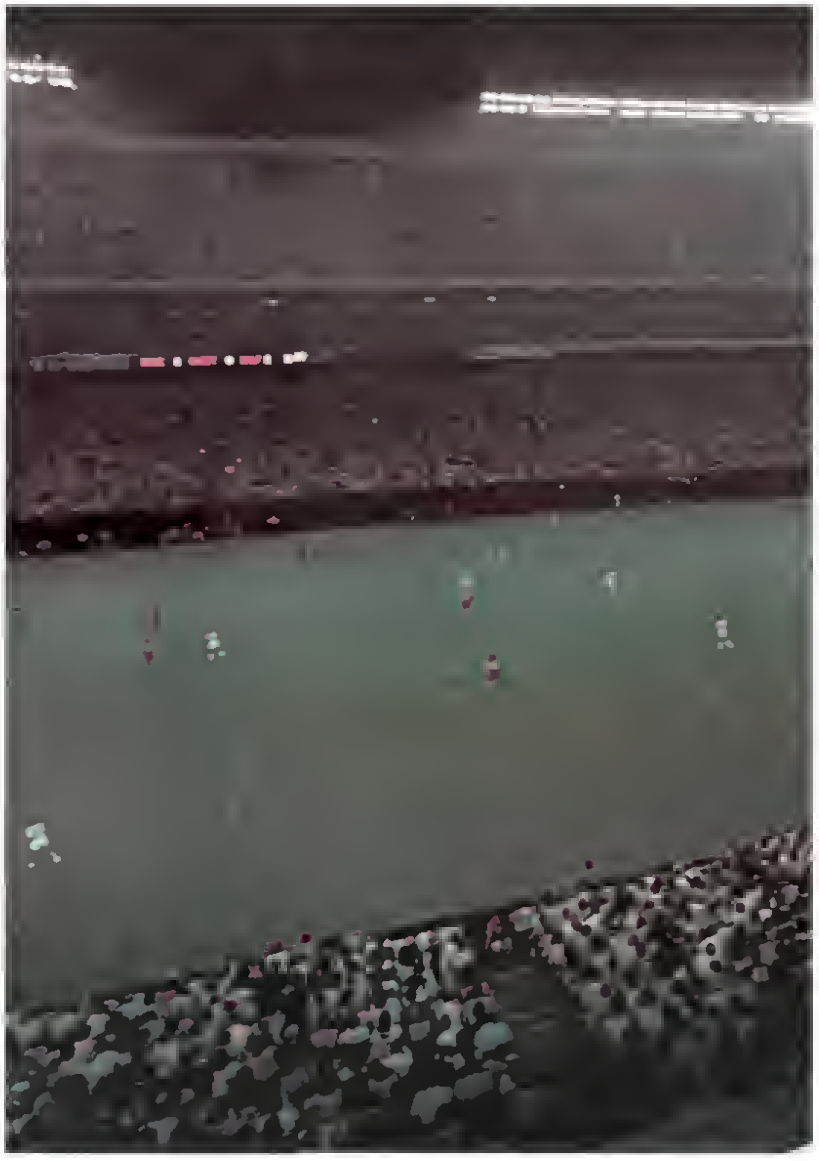


MIRACLE IN THE MEADOWS

What used to be one of the outstanding garbage dumps of our time has become a gold mine of e sports center—and more nuggets are on tbe wey. The men who pulled it off is Sonny Werblin

BY RAY KENNEDY

CONTINUED



"We will stand here again someday," said David A. (Sonny) Werblin, standing there one bleak, freezing day five years ago, "and marvel together at what men of determination, goodwill and strong faith can achieve."

If the words had the ring of a Hillary contemplating the world from the top of Everest, the setting was more down to earth. Right at sea level, to be exact, in a forsaken New Jersey salt marsh known as the Swamp. In fact, what was billed as the ground-breaking for a "magnificent new world of sports and entertainment" looked more like the last rites for a cesspool.

Huddled on an island of landfill trucked in for the occasion, Werblin and his shivering guests were surrounded by industrial litter—auto skeletons, oil drums, bedsprings—settling into a glutinous mire. Nearby, rats the size of cats nosed through mounds of garbage, and off in the windswept reeds, in tidal creeks tainted with chemical wastes, fish lay belly up in the pale winter light. And overriding all, in shrill counterpoint to the lofty verbiage, were the shouts of a small band of protesters. "Werbling [*sic*] is robbing our land!" screamed one lady in a mustard-colored coat. "The racketeers are behind it!"

Undaunted, Werblin soared on. "The good Lord willing, we will transform what is before you today into an area of beauty, excitement and pleasure for you, your children and generations to come."

For Sonny (as in Money) Werblin, the renowned impresario and superagent to stars of stage, screen and playing field, it was another opening, another boffo show. Indeed, as opening acts go, the swamp number was what Werblin would call a real grabber, a crowd teaser full of irony, conflict and surprise. All it needed was a big finish, some kind of kicker to dramatize what all those manicured men in $350 suits were doing in a garbage dump and why New Jersey's governor at the time, William Cahill, kept calling it the "most valuable piece of undeveloped real estate in the world."

If Werblin were directing the movie version—and no one doubts that he could or might—he would top off the scene with a wide shot of the dignitaries trying to look inspired as the Rutgers Glee Club belted out *You'll Never Walk Alone*. Then, in one of those whirling aerial shots, the camera would pull back to show the surrounding desolation and then sweep up, up and away to reveal, etched against the horizon like a shimmering mirage (trumpets up, kettledrums rumbling), the glittering towers of Manhattan just five miles away.

Though the final act has not yet been written, Werblin is working on it. True to his prophecy, he stood there again one day recently to marvel at what man had wrought. And sure enough, there it was—the Meadowlands, a $342 million sports complex rising like Atlantis out of the primeval ooze.

"Look," said Werblin, stepping from his limousine onto a parking lot for 22,000 cars and 400 buses. "Look at that beautiful racetrack, that beautiful stadium," he said, gesturing at the cornerstones of the 588-acre playground. "Even now I can hardly believe that all this has grown from nothing, from a swamp."

But grown it has. Built specifically for



PHOTOGRAPHS BY [illegible]

"rectangular sports," the commodious stadium with 76,500 theater-type seats is the permanent home of the New York Giants and a sort of *pied-à-terre* for the New York Jets, who play one regular-season game and two exhibitions there this year. Werblin's Baghdad on the Bog also hosted the Cosmos (né the New York Cosmos) this season for the first time And with gratifying results—Pelé & Co. on their way to the championship played before an average crowd of 40,815 and set an NASL attendance record by drawing 77,691 for a playoff match against the Fort Lauderdale Strikers. This fall the crush will continue when Giants Stadium will be the site of several big college football games, making it by all odds the premier stadium in the East.

Just a furlong or so away from the stadium, the one-mile Meadowlands track,

A bonanza for Werblin s Giants Stadium were the Cosmos, who in their 16 home games avaragad 40,815 including an SRO playoff crowd of 77,691

which can accommodate 40,000 bettors, has become in its first season the nation's most successful harness track To emphasize the point, last July Werblin staged the $425,000 Meadowlands Pace, the richest standardbred or thoroughbred horse race ever held in the U.S.

Not content to rest on these laurels, Werblin & Co. shut down the harness-racing operation during August, spent $100,000 resurfacing the track and reopened this past Tuesday with thoroughbred racing at night. All told, income from the first year's operation will exceed $50 million, double the original estimate

And the bite that the Meadowlands is taking out of the action in the Big Apple and its outlying orchards across the river figures to grow even larger Werblin plans to erect a 20,000-seat arena for basketball with the (ex-New York) Nets as the prime tenant, hockey, ice shows, circuses, conventions, rock concerts and other special events could turn Madison Square Garden into a warehouse.

In sum, the Meadowlands is well on its way to becoming the world's most successful and varied sports complex—if it hasn't, in fact, already reached that lofty eminence.

Which is precisely the way Werblin planned it. "We're just four miles from the Lincoln Tunnel," he keeps saying, "less than 15 minutes by bus from Times Square And that's the secret—location and accessibility. It's as simple as that."

Originally, getting there was about as simple as Pickett's romp through Gettysburg. From the beginning, in fact, the Meadowlands was a battlefield in a war between states. During the past half dozen years Werblin and his swamp brigade found themselves in combat with all manner of financiers, lobbyists, legislators, mayors, governors and a former Vice-President of the United States. While fending off 14 lawsuits and countless Wall Street ambushes, Werblin's forces have become involved with such diverse outfits as the Audubon Society, the Bank of Tokyo, the University of Alabama, the United States Supreme Court and a Kuwaiti sheikh.

For Werblin, a slight, soft-spoken man with the cajoling look of someone about to say, "Yes, but look at it this way—," the triumph has been worth the heart attack and the sieges of pneumonia and ex-

continued

haustion he has suffered. Upon celebrating his 67th birthday last spring, he declared, "I enjoy a good fight."

And what of the strident lady in the mustard-colored coat? Though the survivors of the great Battle of the Meadowlands agree that victory would not have been possible without Werblin, none is able to articulate exactly what it is that Sonny does so well. At least none has summed it up as precisely as Mrs. Margaret Hallaway of Kearny, N.J., the lady in the mustard-colored coat. "Mr. Werbling," she says, "is a great persuader." Simple as that.

Mrs. Hallaway should know. After the ground-breaking ceremony, Werblin invited her and the other pickets to a press reception in a nearby enclosure. She accepted, partook of the refreshments and listened as Werblin informed her that the money to build the Meadowlands would not come from the taxpayers but from private funds raised through a bond issue, that the sports complex would be operated and, ultimately, solely owned by the state, and that he served as chairman of the New Jersey Sports and Exposition Authority without pay and would share in none of the profits. Then for his big finish he invited Mrs. Hallaway to take a helicopter tour of the site and, four years from then, to be his guest at the grand openings of the stadium and the racetrack.

Werblin not only followed through but also seated her in his private box, where on Oct. 10 she hobnobbed with his friends Bob Hope and Telly Savalas. Mrs. Hallaway still complains. Only now she does it by note and phone, urging that such crises as a tear in one of the Meadowlands billboards be repaired right away. Says Werblin, "Your work is never finished where the public is concerned."

Multiply Mrs. Hallaway by several thousand other converts and you have the reason for the very existence of the Meadowlands and for its success. Part missionary, part carny barker, Werblin has an almost obsessive concern for keeping the customer happy. A stickler for the niceties, he demands that the parimutuel clerks at the track say, "Good luck, sir," every time they sell a ticket. Usherettes—never ushers—direct the flow of people, forever insisting that any mix-up is *their* fault. Rest-room doors are marked "Ladies" and "Gentlemen," never "Men" and "Women."

"We stress courtesy and cleanliness," says Werblin. "That's why we hire a lot of college kids, have people sweeping, cleaning up all the time. It's the old Disney trick. If you treat your fans like ladies and gentlemen—and not sneer at them like the ticket seller in New York does—they'll act that way, have a good time and want to come back."

When they leave the track, in short, the old showman wants his audiences humming the results of the last race. In a very real sense the Meadowlands is Werblin's Little Theater off Times Square, and he treats it as if it were a Great White Way unto itself. Along with the clam bar and the ice-cream parlor, the riot of flags and the sound system blaring *The Meadowlands Theme*, there is a huge computerized video matrix board at the track, which comes on like a chorus line. It belts out messages in letters as high as a horse (HERE THEY COME), telecasts each race live on closed circuit and tunes in NBA games, boxing matches and the like in between. "It's show business," says Werblin. "We're selling entertainment. If we put on a better show, we'll get the customers."

They have. When harness racing opened at the Meadowlands last September, 42,133 bettors stormed the turnstiles and another 10,000 came over the wall. The rush has been on ever since. Average nightly attendance, originally projected at 12,000, was 17,213 during the 283-day season, the average handle, projected at $1.4 million, was nearly $1.8 million.

Says Racing Director Robert Quigley, "We're really grinding out the money."

And wearing down the competition. At Yonkers Raceway, 17 miles northeast of Times Square on the New York side of the Hudson, business fell off by 30%. The area's other major harness track, Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway, 27 miles east of New York City, felt the same crunch during its season: its attendance dropped 28%.

And now, with his 100-night thoroughbred meeting, Werblin is taking on New York's flat tracks. As uncouth as it may seem to traditionalists, the advantages of night thoroughbred racing are predicated on such a profoundly sensible equation—more available customers plus less road traffic equals better business—that the New York Racing Association, which operates Aqueduct and Belmont Park in the New York City area, is as skittish as a filly around a fire engine.

Surveying his impact on New York racing, Werblin advises calm. "We've not established our beautiful edifice to knock anyone out of business," he says, none too convincingly. "We're not competitive, we're compatible. You're always much better off with two theaters on the block."

As the owner of Elberon Farm, a racing stable on the Jersey Shore that has produced big stakes winners like Silent Screen and Process Shot, and—before he became involved with the Meadowlands project—a part owner of Monmouth Park racetrack, Werblin is confident that his fellow horsemen will have no trouble adapting to the Meadowlands late show. "Once they discover that they no longer have to get up at 6 a.m. to see their horses work out," he says, "they'll come around."

Jack Krumpe, who resigned as NYRA president to become executive director of the Meadowlands, is certain of it. "Some people say that a horse was not meant to run at night," he says. "I don't know what Paul Revere would say about that, but we believe differently. The truth is, this track is a natural nighttime operation. By day, you overlook warehouses. But at night the place comes alive. The lights, the Manhattan skyline, the colors—it's an exciting place to be."

Another benefit of running at night is that the Meadowlands will be able to attract the top jockeys who work the day shift in New York. Krumpe anticipates that many will commute by helicopter, but what he hopes will really race their rotors is the purse structure—perhaps $100,000 an evening. Krumpe hopes for a nightly average of 19,000 bettors wagering $2 million, placing the Meadowlands among the nation's top 10 thoroughbred tracks in its first season. "From there," he says, "we accelerate." Or as Werblin likes to say, "Anything is possible in the heart of the megalopolis."

Megalopolis? What ever happened to the august Greater New York Metropolitan Area? "There's no more New York," Werblin says matter-of-factly. "Who lives in New York today? From Stamford, Connecticut down to Philadelphia it's one big city. We're talking about a market of 18 million people within an hour's drive of the Meadowlands. From our point of view, we've put a store on our best corner."

The New York Giants, without so much as a bye-bye to New York City, were the first to motor over to Sonny's stately pleasure dome in East Rutherford, N.J. New Yorkers have a strong sense of territorial pride, and the loss of prestige and glamour that goes with losing a major league team smarts. Predictably, before they moved into Giants Stadium last season, there were cries that the New York Gypsies were abandoning their faithful fans for the wilds of East Boondocks.

But that furor lasted only until Werblin broke out the maps to show that the Meadowlands is just one mile farther from midtown Manhattan than Yankee Stadium, the Giants' former home. Still, for many loyalists the whole thing has the wrong ring. The reaction of one *New York Times* columnist is typical: "Jersey Giants? Ugh!" Though the Giants discreetly removed the "NY" logo from their helmets, they remain a two-headed freak. In the National Football League they are still officially known as the New York Giants; in Greater East Rutherford they are officially the Football Giants.

But what's in a name or—more to the point—an address? Noting that the Dallas Cowboys play in Irving, Texas and the Detroit Lions in Pontiac, Mich., Werblin contends that only narrow minds are confined by boundaries. "You know something," he says, "you pave the Hudson River and it'd just be 13th Avenue. People wouldn't even realize they're in New Jersey. The Giants haven't left New York. They've just moved to another part of the megalopolis."

As if to prove Werblin's point, the people who count—namely 98% of the Giants' season-ticket holders—followed the team to New Jersey. Long before Giants Stadium was completed, in fact, there was a waiting list of 125,000 ticket seekers.

continued



"My wife got me to switch to Vantage."

"I smoke. My wife doesn't. And she would remind me of the stories being told about high-tar cigarettes.

"Well, I began looking into those new low-tar cigarettes. I tried just about every one that came out. They didn't satisfy my taste.

"Then I read about Vantage. I didn't expect much but I tried a pack anyway.

"They were quite a pleasant surprise. They tasted really good and they actually had

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 10 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. '76.
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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less than half the tar of my old brand.

"So now I smoke Vantage.

"I get the taste I want, and the low tar that she wants."

David Ness
Seattle, Washington



Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Projected as a loss item last year with only 10 major events scheduled, Giants Stadium turned an operating profit of more than $1 million. This year it will feature 35 of the kind of big productions that the old metropolis used to be noted for. Take the weekend of Oct. 15: on Saturday Notre Dame will play Army, on Sunday the Giants will meet the San Francisco 49ers and in between the thoroughbreds will pick off the stragglers. All told, in one 24-hour period, upward of 200,000 people are expected to pass through the Meadowlands, all of them presumably richer in spirit if not in pocket.

As if that were not enough for one man's fantasies, at the end of each racing program the track's video matrix board lets the world in on a secret: THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

Nothing if not a visionary, Werblin moves restlessly about his office under the Meadowlands clubhouse like a youngster contemplating his first Erector Set. Scattered about him are models, drawings and blueprints, the disjointed parts—a zoo, a tower restaurant, a hotel and an exposition center—of a grandiose whole. As he paces, interrupting himself to direct an aide to replace a parking-lot sign that "looks like hell," he talks. "We want to build a complete entertainment center here," he says. "We're going to have a theme park like Disneyland, all very high class. There'll be an aquarium, a theater and an arena for basketball and hockey. We're going to be better than Disneyland, better than Ascot, better than the Tivoli Gardens. Did you ever see the Tivoli Gardens at night? Colored lights, flowers, shows, magic. . ."

There was a time when such heady talk elicited a stock response: "In *New Jersey*?" The truth is, regardless of what the Meadowlands accomplishes now or in the future, nothing will ever be quite as remarkable as the fact that all this is taking place in New Jersey, the most maligned state in the union. A victim of geography, the Garden State has never been able to shake its image as a blighted, odoriferous corridor of oil refineries and factories between New York and Philadelphia.

All that many Americans know of the state is what they have seen out of their car windows on the stretch of New Jersey Turnpike that links the two largest cities on the East Coast. And one glimpse—or whiff—is enough. Gasoline Alley leaves an enduring impression. "New Jersey," goes one of the lines favored by Manhattanites, "looks like the back of an old radio."

The result, says Werblin, is that "the whole state has an inferiority complex. North of Trenton the people look to New York, south of there they look to Philadelphia. They've always felt they have nothing of their own to look to."

Though it is more populous than 43 other states and has the nation's sixth-highest per capita income, New Jersey is an orphan in almost every sense. It never had a major league team. It has no true statewide newspaper. And it is one of only two states (Delaware is the other) that do not have a commercial TV station.

Says Werblin, "New Jersey is supposed to be a place where mobsters and corrupt politicians live, where you can't get things done without payoffs and strikes. But that's not true now, if it ever was." Even so, Werblin is not ready to discount the underworld adage about the swamp: "You kill 'em in New York and bury 'em in Jersey." "I don't know how true that is," he says, "but I'll tell you, we were a little careful of where we were digging."

The problems Werblin faced in attempting to marshal all the forces necessary to build a sports empire in New Jersey are perhaps best summed up by Ralph Dungan, former chancellor of the state's Department of Higher Education. "No one runs New Jersey," says Dungan. "No one even thinks about it very much. There is no continuing political or social mechanism to coalesce people. There is a lack of unity, a lack of principle. People only camp here. In terms of moral theology, New Jersey has no soul."

But now it has the Meadowlands, throbbing away, and Werblin, for one, feels a strong pulse. New Jersey lives, he says. "Ask anyone and they'll tell you, the Meadowlands is the best thing that's ever happened to this state. It's given East Rutherford more datelines than Washington, D.C. It projects New Jersey as a doer state." Former Governor Cahill, now practicing law in Princeton, N.J., says, "The Meadowlands announces the entrance of New Jersey into the big leagues. It has given the state pride, an identity and, I hope, a winning football team."

That will take more than civic cheerleading. Meanwhile, the New York press was having a little fun pointing out that, given the deficiencies of the Giants' offense, there are more bodies buried under the new field than on top. Which is a bit more tasteful than the halftime routine performed by the Columbia band during a game with Rutgers in Giants Stadium last season. Playing a funereal air, the band formed an arrow pointing at the 50-yard line and spelled out HOFFA?

Not so coincidentally, Rutgers' emergence as a sports power in the past few years has become another source of state pride. Long burdened with a sub-Ivy League complex and the fact that most people are unaware that Rutgers is more properly titled the State University of New Jersey, the school's athletic program took a sharp turn for the better after a trustee delivered a persuasive speech to the university board. Pointing out that at other large state universities the flow of money from the legislatures as well as alumni rose and fell in direct relationship to the performance of the football and basketball teams, the trustee strongly urged that the Scarlet Knights "go big time."

The board agreed and adopted a resolution to that effect in 1971. Five short years later, after the selfsame trustee helped persuade future All-America Phil Sellers to forsake Notre Dame for Rutgers, the Scarlet Knights' basketball team raced through a 31–2 season, finished fourth in the NCAA playoffs and earned Tom Young Coach of the Year honors. For the current fiscal year the state legislature, notoriously stingy to the university in the past, has boosted Rutgers' funding from $82 million to $89 million and alumni contributions jumped 20%.

The name of the persuasive trustee, of course, is Sonny Werblin. He recalls, "When I went to a Nebraska-Kansas game with Johnny Carson a few years ago, I was surprised to find that there were 23 New Jersey kids on the rosters. Then I discovered that Arizona State couldn't even field a team without New

Jersey. So we decided to do something to keep our kids home." During the past five years the proportion of New Jersey athletes at Rutgers has increased from 48% to 78% and the football team's record had gone from 4–7 to a sterling 18–0, the longest major-college winning streak extant. With Scarlet fever mounting, Rutgers dropped Columbia from its schedule in favor of a big-time opening game against Penn State at Giants Stadium.

Earlier, playing the familiar role of double agent, Werblin had called an old business partner, Bear Bryant, and said, "How'd you like to play Rutgers?" Werblin, who is involved in selling a line of checkered hats made famous by the Alabama coach, likes to recount Bryant's reaction in a drawl that is pure South Broadway: "And Bear said to me, 'Sorry, I'm done booked up till 1987.' Then I told him that we could fill 76,500 seats at an average of $12 a ticket. And Bear said, 'Whoa, I just done found two open dates.' " Coming up: Rutgers vs. Alabama at Giants Stadium in 1980.

Considering his background, the fact that Werblin has become the agent for a university as well as an entire state is not too startling. It's just Phil Spitalny and his All-Girl Orchestra all over again, give or take a few million extras. Ed Sullivan once said, "Sonny's a terrific agent because he's always had that undergraduate zing." Raised in Brooklyn, Werblin began his zinging at James Madison High, where he played center on the football team and was voted the handsomest boy in his graduating class—but he adds, "You don't know what an ugly class we had."

"Beautiful" was Werblin's impression of the Garden State when he visited relatives there. "I actually fell in love with the place," he says. That led him to enroll in Rutgers, where he managed the swimming team and served as a part-time correspondent for no fewer than seven different newspapers. "I made so much money they broke me up as a monopoly," he says. "Actually, I earned more in my senior year than I did for the next five years."

Graduating just in time for the Great Depression, Werblin got a job as an office boy at the Music Corporation of America, the giant talent agency, for $85 a month. He soon moved up to band manager, touring with the likes of Guy Lombardo, Xavier Cugat and Eddie Duchin. He recalls, "That's when I learned to count the house, which can be tricky if you're playing for percentages." Once, when he caught a ballroom manager sneaking in customers on the side, he scooped up all the money he could carry and fled on the band bus.

One engagement Werblin extended was with Leah Ray Hubbard, a singer with the Phil Harris band. They were married in 1938. (Leah Ray's most popular song: *On the Sunny Side of the Street.*) Though lore has it that he got his nickname from one of MCA's major clients, Al Jolson, whose record *Sonny Boy* was all the rage, Werblin says that what the singer really gave him was "an interest in racing. Jolie loved horses but he couldn't move anywhere around the track without becoming the center of a mob scene. So I used to make his bets for him. It was my mother who called me Sonny, because I was the oldest of three boys."

Werblin's show-biz smarts eventually made him a vice-president of MCA Inc. and president of MCA-TV, a subsidiary. Hailed by *Variety* as broadcasting's "greatest promoter and salesman," during 30 years he handled such stars as Frank Sinatra, Jackie Gleason, Jack Paar and Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis.

Werblin's specialty was packaging. He would create TV shows, cast them with MCA's own clients and sell the packages to sponsors and networks. He was also famed for "walking the talent." For instance, when NBC failed to renew its option on *Wagon Train*, he walked the show over to ABC. Then, to fill the gap left in NBC's schedule, he sold the network *The Virginian.* At one point he walked Jack Benny from NBC to a better deal at CBS and then, when the price was right, back to NBC. He was a master, reported *Variety*, "of the time-honored show-biz dodge of starting a war and selling ammunition to all sides."

In 1963, two years before he retired from MCA, Werblin wrote a personal check for $1.1 million and bought the debt-plagued New York Titans of the American Football League. At a cocktail party soon after, Werblin agreed to let three of his partners in Monmouth Park racetrack—Leon Hess, Phil Iselin and Townsend Martin—in on the deal. "Through the importuning of Iselin's friends I also gave Don Lillis [then the president of Bowie racetrack in Maryland] a share," says Werblin. "We thought we'd have our own little sports empire, but it didn't work out that way."

Walking the talent, Werblin moved the Titans to Shea Stadium, named them the Jets in deference to nearby LaGuardia Airport and dressed them in Kelly green in honor of his Saint Patrick's Day birth date. The Jets did not take off immediately. "At our first game," Werblin recalls, "we drew 3,800 and 2,700 of them were related to me."

Adhering to his maxim that "a million-dollar set is worthless if you cast a two-dollar actor in the main role," Werblin went looking for a leading man and found him starring in an Alabama road show. Joe Namath? Forget the rifle arm and the hotshot rep. What Werblin saw in that raw, slump-shouldered bearing was "star magic." Upon signing Namath in 1965 for $400,000, a record for those comparatively pre-inflationary times, Werblin told him, "I don't know whether you'll play on our team or make a picture for Universal."

Werblin played the media like Yehudi Menuhin playing a Stradivarius. He put floodlights on the $400,000 price tag and packaged and peddled Namath into a superstar before he had thrown a single pass. And when it came time to count the house, there were 53,658 screamers on hand to see Broadway Joe's opening act at Shea—or about 20,000 more fans than the Titans had drawn their entire final season.

That done, Werblin dropped in to see his old fishing buddy "Bobby"—that's Robert W. Sarnoff, then chairman of the board of RCA—and came away with a $36 million TV contract for the foundering AFL. "The football writers came running," Werblin recalls. "Other high draft choices went AFL and the league was off and winging."

But as the Jets climbed to the top of the league in attendance and edged toward destiny in Super Bowl III, relationships in the front office deteriorated to the point where in 1968 Werblin sold

continued

his 23.4% share for $1,638,000. Shortly after assuming the presidency of the Jets, Don Lillis spoke on behalf of the partners. "The team was Sonny's whole life and he did a great job," he said. "But we were on the outside peeking in. We were completely forgotten men. Nobody knew there were other owners. And that's what led to the disagreement. We had a lot of money invested and all we were getting out of it was a free box and a free lunch before the game. We offered to sell and when Sonny said no, we said what the hell, we'll buy you out."

"It was sheer jealousy," says Werblin. "Before the team was a success they were never around. You didn't see them in Kansas City when it was 14° below and your feet stuck to the metal floor. But the moment a profit appeared, we were suddenly running everything by committee, and everyone knows you can't run an entertainment enterprise by committee.

"They offered to sell, but the price was not right and they wanted cash down. So I made my offer and that's when Leon Hess told me, 'I'll never sell as long as you stay in.' So then I agreed to sell and I never spoke another word to any of them again. I just don't want to know people like that."

Shunted to a seat on the 10-yard line, Werblin watched with bittersweet emotions as the Jets powered their way through the season and on to an upset 16–7 victory over the Baltimore Colts in the 1969 Super Bowl. "I was happy the boys won," he says, "but it hurt to see the way they've come apart since then. But I had my choice and I refuse to look back."

When Werblin left the Jets, he occupied himself with his partnership with Johnny Carson in Raritan Enterprises (producers of the *Tonight Show*), his racing stable, medical data-bank firm, investment company, real estate interests and seats on the boards of Rutgers, Monmouth Park, the New Jersey National Bank and the Lake Isles Country Club. To his football friends, he said, "I'll be back."

That it would be in the guise of the Jersey Swamp Fox is a role that not even Sonny Starmaker could have dreamed up. But then the Hackensack Meadowlands is not your everyday bog. Carved by a glacier some 25,000 years ago, it is a reedy channel, three miles wide and seven miles long, that follows the meandering Hackensack River northward from Newark Bay to just west of the George Washington Bridge. Named for the local Indian tribe, the Hackensack is the lifeline for a maze of tidal streams that have been resisting man's encroachment since the Dutch first tried diking and draining the marsh in the 17th century. By the late 1960s the area had degenerated into one colossal garbage dump; 50,000 tons of solid waste were being carted into the marsh each day. Dammed upstream and choked off below, the Hackensack River was close to dying.

In 1968 the state legislature created the Hackensack Meadowlands Development Commission to perform the tricky balancing act of cleaning up the environmental mess while exploiting the economic potential of 20,000 acres of marsh, an area larger than the island of Manhattan. Talk of including a major league stadium in the Hackensack Meadowlands master plan began in earnest when the Cahill administration took office in 1970. Trouble was, stadiums are such notoriously low-return enterprises that 70% of those built in the U.S. have had to be financed with taxpayers' dollars. And Cahill was loath to take that politically sensitive risk in New Jersey.

So State Treasurer Joe McCrane, a linebacker on the Davis-Blanchard teams at West Point, came up with a novel alternative. Float a public tax-free bond issue to raise the money for a stadium *and* a *racetrack*. Then use the profits generated by the horses (which figured to be about 30 times greater than those produced by the stadium) to pay off the whole lot and—*voilà*!—it's kickoff time in the swamp.

Though skeptical, Cahill agreed in the hope that the sports complex would relieve the state's "identity crisis" and be the "catalyst that sets the Meadowlands on fire." He recalls, "Everybody, including the New Jersey press, banged the idea. And I realized that this was going to be my crown of glory or crown of thorns 'Cahill's Folly,' some people started calling it. But this is America and sports are a symbol. You've not really arrived until you have a major league team. So the sports complex seemed like just the thing to change New Jersey's image."

Signed in May 1971, the bill establishing the New Jersey Sports & Exposition Authority stipulated that a major league franchise in either baseball or football had to be secured before the bond issue could be sold. Because of league rules protecting territorial rights in both sports, that meant that the Authority would have to lure one or more of the existing New York teams. The Yankees and the Giants, tenants in the then sadly deteriorating Yankee Stadium, seemed the likeliest candidates. But how to go about getting them? What was needed was someone who could pull off a really big package deal, someone who could persuade, entice. . .

Enter Werblin. "I accepted the position," he says, "because I feel that if a man can afford to perform a public service in his lifetime, he should, and because it gave me an opportunity to combine the three things I enjoy most—football, horse racing and entertainment." To avoid any conflict of interests, he sold his stock in Monmouth Park and became chairman of the Sports Authority in June 1971. Two months later the Giants announced that they had signed a 30-year lease with the Meadowlands.

"Selfish, callous and ungrateful!" wailed New York City Mayor John Lindsay. To keep the restless Yankees from following the Giants, Lindsay quickly proposed, and New York Governor Nelson Rockefeller quickly authorized, the city to spend $24 million to buy and refurbish Yankee Stadium. In equally quick succession three New Jersey thoroughbred tracks—Monmouth Park, Garden State and Atlantic City—sued on grounds that the Meadowlands legislation was unconstitutional. Powerful environmentalist groups like the Audubon Society and the Sierra Club weighed in with their objections.

Convinced that he had the Giants because Yankee Stadium could never be made suitable for football ("They'd have done better to spend the money on the parking lot at Aqueduct"), Werblin made his peace with the environmentalists, who wound up more or less appeased by plans for turning 130 acres of the complex into an environmental study center and providing such safeguards as systems

for the control of water and air quality.

In the spring of 1973, after borrowing $51 million from a consortium of New Jersey banks to start construction, Werblin and Adrian Foley, a prominent Newark attorney and the Sports Authority's financial chief, put on a hard-sell promotion for their bond issue for a group from 150 Wall Street financial houses. Afterward, Foley recalls, "They were tugging at our lapels, begging us not to leave them out." So far, so good. But nastier problems were ahead.

In March, with hopes high and all systems go, the Sports Authority announced its $262 million bond issue. That was on a Wednesday. That night, at Governor Rockefeller's behest, a 92-page bill was put together that called for major changes in New York's racing laws, all of which greatly enhanced the competitive position of the state's tracks. Passed by the legislature on Friday and signed by Rockefeller on Saturday, the bill hit the Meadowlands like a tidal wave. "Within two weeks," says Foley, "the financial houses supporting our bond began dropping like flies." At the suggestion of Dillon Read & Co., underwriters of the project, the issue had to be withdrawn for lack of buyers.

"It was a brilliant ploy," says Foley, "and was indicative of Rockefeller's single-minded determination to stop us. So there we were, owing $51 million and with no visible means of support. The bankers were looking at us cross-eyed and everybody considered us stone-cold dead."

Clearly it was time for Werblin to go into his act again. At the Saratoga races in August he met a friend from Hornblower & Weeks-Hemphill Noyes, the large Wall Street investment firm, and after a little friendly enticing, Hornblower & Weeks, in tandem with Merrill Lynch & Co., agreed to underwrite a second Meadowlands bond. Hiked to more than $280 million because of inflation, the issue was to be launched in October.

"So what happens?" says Foley, still incredulous. "The day we announce the issue, Rocky takes a helicopter ride over New York and then trots out Bus Mosbacher [then chairman of the New York State Racing and Wagering Board] to reveal plans for a new $275 million sports complex—a racetrack, stadium, the whole deal—to be built on a platform over the railway yards in Sunnyside, Queens. It was a complete hoax! They never had a feasibility study, never had a plan—nothing! But with that, we went down the drain again."

Werblin heard of Rockefeller's latest gambit on the car radio while en route to a Rutgers football game. "I was absolutely frustrated," he recalls. "There was no phone in the car and it was the hottest September ever." During halftime Werblin passed out in the press box and was rushed to the hospital. "I still don't know if it was a heart attack or heat exhaustion or both," he says. "All I know is that I was damn tense."

While Werblin recovered, construction was halted and late at night in swampside bars there was talk of the hex of the Hackensacks. To stifle the doomsayers, Foley says, "We borrowed an old pile driver from the New Jersey Turnpike Authority and kept it pounding away out there on the site so people wouldn't think we were totally dead."

After Werblin returned to action, the underwriters agreed to float a third bond, but only if the New Jersey legislature backed it with a "moral pledge," a move that would bolster confidence in the bond but would not legally bind the state to rescue the sports complex if it faltered. Even so, there was enough opposition to the implied obligation to require some strong convincing, especially in view of the uncertain political climate.

Up for reelection and hurt by the failure of the first bond issue as well as by charges of campaign fund-raising irregularities, Cahill had lost the June primary, and his successor, Brendan Byrne, was not due to take office until January 1974. Nonetheless, in his last hurrah, Cahill summoned a group of key legislators into his office in late November and, citing the dirty tricks played by Rocky's mob, concluded, "That's what those bastards have done to us. New York is pushing us around again and that's why New Jersey is the way it is. Are we going to sit still for this?"

Some of the most prominent legislators jumped up right in the State Assembly during a memorable session, pointed defiantly toward New York and shouted, "We're No. 1!" State Senator James Dugan preached, "This legislature is finally telling Rockefeller that we're no longer simply going to be a dumping ground for New York. We're standing up to New York and telling it we're its equal!" The moral pledge was approved by a vote of 29 to 7.

But times were tough. construction deadlines were pressing, contract penalties were mounting, the price of the third bond had risen to $302 million and the market was in a bad slump. Werblin says, "I just put on my blinkers and traveled the country, talking megalopolis and trying to sell bonds."

At one point, while Werblin was coming on like a bit player in one of the old Abbott and Costello shows he used to package, a towering Arab in flowing robes walked through the office door carrying a copy of *National Geographic* identifying him as an emir from Kuwait. Kissing Werblin on both cheeks, he offered to loan him the entire $302 million. Though the offer was seriously weighed, it was declined. As Werblin puts it, no one wanted to get involved with "a guy right out of central casting."

The uncertainty soon turned to fright. When the third Meadowlands bond was finally floated in January 1974, the underwriters found to their consternation that, save for a $2 million commitment from the Manhattan branch of the Bank of Tokyo, not a single New York bank would touch the bonds. Suspicions of a new and grander conspiracy were confirmed in Werblin's mind when, just two days before the issue was to go on sale, an investment house that had pledged itself to a huge $50 million order suddenly reneged.

"It was a sandbag," says Werblin, "the fine Italian hand of New York at work again." According to one conspiracy theory, the last-minute defector was supposedly acting on behalf of the Chase Manhattan Bank, whose chairman is Nelson Rockefeller's brother David. Subsequently, several New York bankers admitted that the call for their freeze-out came from Albany, which, with billions invested in New York banks, did not have to dictate, but merely suggest.

"In 30 years in Wall Street," says Robert Wohlforth, then of Hornblower & Weeks, "I've never seen such a delib-

continued

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erate effort to undermine a deal. Selling those bonds was one of the worst things I've ever been through in my life."

On the verge of going under for the third time, Werblin and crew bailed away during a frantic 24-hour period that saw a spokesman for Governor Byrne announce, "For all practical purposes the sports complex is dead." But with a $140 million block of bonds still to be sold, who was being practical? The New Jersey banks and insurance companies, preaching pride and feeling panic at the thought of losing their original $51 million loan, scraped together another $50 million to plug the gap left by the last-minute defector. The underwriters squeezed an additional $30 million out of Wall Street and finally the mighty Prudential Life Insurance Co. of Newark, N.J. lumbered forward with the $50 million clincher.

And soon, with pile drivers pounding for real, the Meadowlands was grinding out its own ad campaign: "There's Excitement Building in New Jersey!"

Meadowlands bond buyers obviously agreed. Selling at a low of 64 in January 1976, the bonds are now bouncing along at 111. Not missing a trick, Werblin not only was instrumental in selling the scoreboard advertising for a record $7.5 million over a 10-year period, but he also has seen to it that the manure from the Meadowlands stables, which most tracks pay to have removed, is sold as fertilizer to a local mushroom farmer for $65 a truckload. "In this business," he says, "you have to get every dollar you can."

With the Meadowlands making money, Werblin is able to concern himself with other matters. His day is likely to begin with an inspection tour of the highways between his Colt's Neck, N.J. mansion and the Meadowlands. Peering out of his limousine one recent morning, he frowned and said, "If they could just police this area and wash those signs, it'd give New Jersey a better image."

The help at the Meadowlands, ever alert to his white-glove strolls, refers to Sonny as "Partly Cloudy"—and for obvious reasons. His eyes darted as he walked, looking for a loose tile, a missing button, a wad of chewing gum stuck under a seat. He critiqued everything from the color of the rest-room walls to the graphics on the clubhouse menu. Bending to pick up a cigarette butt wedged in a crack, he said, "It's like a Broadway show. There's always the danger of going stale, and the only way to prevent that is to open every night as though it were opening night."

Confident that he has another hit, Werblin spent more time than usual at his oceanfront home in Golden Beach, Fla. this winter, recovering from a bout of "walking pneumonia." While the controversy over the possibility of the Jets' moving to the Meadowlands raged in New York, Werblin was teeing up outside his cabana and blithely rapping ball after ball into the Atlantic with a six-iron. "You know," he said, locking his elbows, "the Meadowlands has given me an opportunity to use all the useless knowledge I've accumulated over the years." *Thwack.* "I've been to hundreds of gathering places, ballrooms, nightclubs, opera houses, steel piers. Now I'm just applying everything I've ever learned." *Thwack.*

Later, while mixing himself a vodka martini, Werblin stared at a large blow-up of Namath in action mounted behind the bar, its colors faded by the sun. "Old Joe," he mused. "I once said that I preferred my horse Silent Screen because at least he's got four good legs, but that's not true. Actually, I've had several chances to buy another team but all my friends tell me that it's no fun anymore because of the labor situation. It's like a girl you once loved. You see her again eight years later and she doesn't look so good."

The future? "Make me an offer," Werblin said, allowing that he was going to make one himself that he felt would, sooner or later, bring the most prestigious event in harness racing, the Hambletonian, to the Meadowlands. He talked on about the new $10 million aquarium that is in the advance planning stage, about hosting a national political convention, staging a six-day bike race, rescuing New York. . . . How's that? "I'm a strong advocate of creating a 51st state," he said. "It would extend from Bridgeport to Poughkeepsie to Asbury Park, an area that has all the same problems—welfare, transportation, unemployment." Pausing just long enough to swirl his drink and formulate the details for another dream empire, he continued, "Now what we have to do is. . . ." END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 29-Sept. 4

SOATING—TED TURNER s *Courageous* beat archrival *Enterprise* for the 13th time in 20 races and was selected by the New York Yacht Club to defend the America's Cup against *Australia*, which became the challenger by beating the Swedish yacht *Sverige* 4–0 in a best-of-seven series at Newport, R I *(page 24)*

BOWLING—BILL SPIGNER of Hamden, Conn won the $60 000 New England Open in Cranston R I by 361 pins over leading money winner Mark Roth Spigner's first PBA title was worth $6 000

PRO FOOTBALL—O J Simpson was still complaining about blurred vision, even after mesmerizing the Tampa Bay defenders with a weaving 62-yard touchdown run following a short pass from Joe Ferguson That play helped Buffalo beat the Buccaneers 17–6 And in Miami where the Dolphins lost to New Orleans 17–10, Bob Griese left the game, complaining, "My eyes are not working together " Then he returned wearing glasses instead of contact lenses The Saints' Chuck Muncie who wears specs all the time had no trouble finding the goal line scoring on six- and eight-yard runs Craig Morton has found a home in Denver He threw a touchdown pass and led two long scoring drives, as the Broncos won for the fourth time, 27–10 over Seattle Cincinnati intercepted two passes for touchdowns as the Bengals crushed Minnesota 26–7, Jerry Anderson a rookie from Oklahoma, going 95 yards with his theft and Marvin Cobb taking the other 57 yards Oakland scored six of the first seven times it had the ball, twice on Ken Stabler-to-Dave Casper touchdown passes, to wallop San Francisco 33–0 Los Angeles was 1–4 after losing to San Diego 26–25 on a last-play 22-yard field goal by Toni Fritsch James Harris threw three touchdown passes against his former team Trailing 13–0 at halftime Pittsburgh came back to beat Philadelphia 21–13 The key play was a 23-yard touchdown pass from Terry Bradshaw to John Stallworth The Steelers' All-Pro Linebacker Jack Lambert who had spent most of the preseason aboard a friend's yacht, saw his first action after signing a five-year contract reportedly worth $1 25 million Ben Jones hit Ron Lee with a 32-yard touchdown pass and Baltimore made five interceptions while beating Detroit 21–10 Cleveland's Greg Pruitt ran for 126 yards including a 70-yard touchdown run, as the Browns beat Green Bay 19–14 Houston defeated Dallas 23–14 with Skip Brown kicking three field goals and third-year man Don Hardeman, nicknamed Jaws because of his unfulfilled rookie boasts, running for 106 yards and two touchdowns Jim Hart hurled a 95-yard touchdown bomb to Ike Harris in St Louis' 23–14 win over Chicago In the New Jersey Meadowlands, the Jets defeated the Giants 10–0 as Richard Todd hit Jerome Barkum with a six-yard touchdown pass The New England Patriots beat Washington 45–7, piling up their biggest preseason point total ever

GOLF—BOBBY COLE of South Africa shot a final-round 67 for a 17-under-par 271 to win the $100,000 Buick Open by one stroke over Fred Marti in Flint, Mich

HARNESS RACING—Billy Haughton drove GREEN SPEED to victory in straight heats in the $284,131 Hambletonian, twice trotting the mile in 1 55⅘, a record for 3-year-olds Texas finished second *(page 22)*

HORSE RACING—MY JULIET ($12 40), Tony Black in the saddle won the $132,800 Michigan Mile at Detroit Race Course by three-quarters of a length over Strike Me Lucky The winner covered the mile and an eighth in 1 48⅘

MOTOR SPORTS—AL UNSER, driving a Parnelli-VPJ Turbo, won the $345,000 California 500 finishing 48 seconds ahead of A J Foyt in a Coyote Foyt Unser averaged 154 687 mph on the 2 5-mile oval TOM SNEVA finished third ro clinch the 1977 USAC driving championship

SOCCER—The NEW JERSEY AMERICANS won the ASL championship at New Brunswick N J , beating the Sacramento Spirits 3–0 Ringo Cantillo scored on a 20-yard shot 26 minutes into the game, and Telmo Pires and Juan Cano booted goals in the second half

SWIMMING—Powered by victories in three relays and four 1–2–3 sweeps, the U S defeated the Soviet Union 212–132 in a dual meet in Leningrad TRACY CAULKINS set an American record of 2 37 28 in the 200-meter breaststroke while finishing second to Yulia Bogdanova

TENNIS—MANUEL ORANTES defeated Eddie Dibbs 7–6 7–5, 6–4 to win the $125,000 U S Pro championship at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass

GUILLERMO VILAS won his sixth straight clay-court tournament and 39th consecutive match crushing Ilie Nastase 6–2, 6–0 in the Lionel Tennis Week round robin at Harrison, N Y Vilas' victory was worth $10,000

TRACK & FIELD—The U S lost 127–120 to EAST GERMANY in the first World Cup in Düsseldorf West Germany, when Maxie Parks collapsed while leading on the final leg of the final event, the 1,600-meter relay *(page 16)* The U S team of BILL COLLINS STEVE RIDDICK, CLIFF WILEY and STEVE WILLIAMS lowered the world record in the 400-meter relay—set by a U S foursome in the Munich Olympics—from 38 19 to 38 03 Second-place finisher MARTY LIQUORI broke his own American record in the 5 000 with a time of 13 15 1, and JAN MERRILL s 8 46 6 in the women's 3 000 lowered Francie Larrieu Lutz' American record by 8 3 seconds

VOLLEYSALL—In the final week's scramble for IVA playoff spots, Santa Barbara clinched second place and the right to meet Orange County in the Western Division semifinal by winning three straight against Phoenix That knocked defending champion San Diego out of the playoffs. In the Continental Division, El Paso Juarez won its final eight matches on the frontline play of Ed Skorek and the backcourt passing of Sharon Peterson and Malia Ane to finish one victory back of its semifinal opponent, Denver

MILESPOSTS—TRADED Forward ADRIAN DANTLEY, last season's NBA Rookie of the Year with a 20 3 scoring average and Forward MIKE BANTOM, by the Buffalo Braves to the Indiana Pacers for Forward/Guard BILLY KNIGHT, the league's second leading scorer with a 26 6 average The Braves also obtained former All-Star Guard NATE (Tiny) ARCHIBALD from the Nets for Center GEORGE JOHNSON Archibald acquired by the Nets last year, averaged 20 5 points in 34 games before suffering a broken leg Buffalo also sent Center JOHN GIANELLI to the Milwaukee Bucks for cash and a first-round draft choice

DIED ERNY PINCKERT, 70 a two-time football All-America at USC (1930-31) and a star halfback for the NFL Redskins from 1933 to '40 of pneumonia in Los Angeles Though principally a blocker, Pinckert ran for two touchdowns in USC s 21–12 win over Tulane in the 1932 Rose Bowl

DIED RALPH SAMUELSON, 74, the inventor of water skiing of cancer in Pine Island, Minn When Samuelson introduced the sport in 1922 on Lake Pepin, a wide portion of the Mississippi River, he said, ' If you can ski on snow why not on water?"

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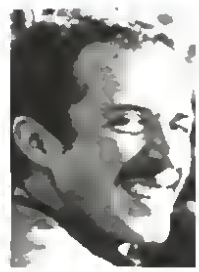
11—Drawing by SQW **16 17**—Walter looss Jr Heinz Kluetmeier (right) **18**—Heinz Kluetmeier **19**—Walter looss Jr Heinz Kluetmeier (right) **20**—Walter looss Jr **21**—Heinz Kluetmeier Walter looss Jr (bottom) **85**—courtesy Paramount Pictures **86**—Chuck Pratt **92**—John Iacono **67**—Hank deLespinasse **71**—Tony Tomsic **89**—AP (2)

FACES IN THE CROWD



BARBARA REINALDA
LAKEWOOD CALIF

Reinalda, 19, of Cerritos JC, was MVP in the National Women's American Softball Association tournament for the second straight year She had a 7–1 record with the Raybestos Brakettes, who won their seventh consecutive national title





KEVIN KVALE CHRIS KVALE
MINNEAPOLIS

Kevin, 25, and Chris, 32, pedaled their bicycles 2,972 miles from Santa Monica, Calif to New York City in 14 days, nine hours and 19 minutes, cutting nearly three days off the U S Cycling Federation transcontinental record Averaging almost 18 mph, the Kvales rode more than 200 miles a day, braving traffic jams, temperatures that went as high as 116° and five days of heavy rain The University of Minnesota graduates have also won numerous Minnesota road and track championships



TRACY REPP
BORING ORE

Tracy, 14, won the Oregon AAU Junior Olympics long jump with an age-group record of 16' 6¼". She also has an 11 6 100 and a 26 6 220 to her credit and has won 61 of the 64 events she has entered in two years of competition



THOMAS HERZAN
ST PAUL

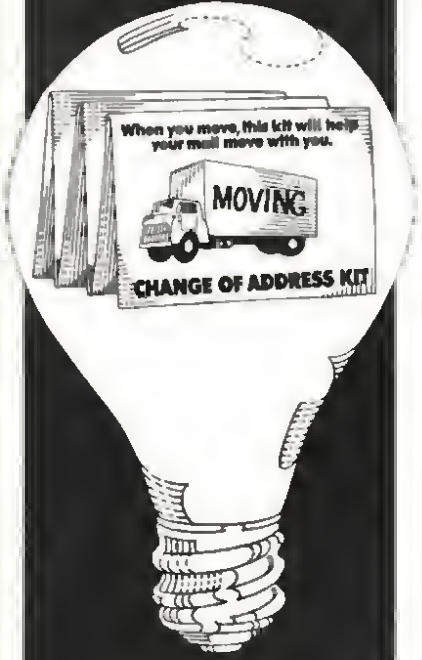
Herzan, 25, an Army veteran and a sophomore on the Arizona State golf team, carded four eagles, missing the Highland Park (St Paul) course record of 62 by two strokes in winning the Habs Open He eagled one par-4 hole and three par-5s



ROANN COSTIN
BOSTON

Costin, 25, completed a surf-and-turf double by winning the second annual Boston Harbor Marathon Swim, covering the 12-mile course in a time of 5 21. Earlier the former Radcliffe All-America swimmer had run the Boston Marathon in 3 40

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

PHILADELPHIA STORY

Sir:

Your article on the Phillies was great (*Off on a Rampage*, Aug. 29), but you were wrong when you said George Foster is the only one who seems likely to challenge Greg Luzinski for MVP. You should have said Greg Luzinski is the only one who seems likely to challenge George Foster for MVP!

KENNY MILLER
Cincinnati

Sir:

Pittsburgh's Dave Parker has a better batting average, more hits, more doubles, more triples, more runs scored, more extra-base hits and more total bases than Luzinski. Parker has as good a shot at MVP as anyone.

STEVE WASZAK
San Diego

Sir:

The Phillies cover story is just what we Pirate fans have been waiting for. Go get 'em. SI jinx!

GARY DUNLAP
Glenshaw, Pa.

Sir:

I don't care about that jinx. In May last year you had a cover on Mike Schmidt, and the Phillies went on to win the Eastern Division. Carlton and McCarver will keep them on top this year.

BILL LABOLD
Fort Washington, Pa.

Sir:

An article on the Phils without mentioning the best shortstop in baseball, Larry Bowa, is like SI without pictures.

BEN LOPCHINSKY
MIKE LOPCHINSKY
Brookhaven, Pa.

Sir:

You played down the role of Bob Boone.

KATHLEEN PLOVER
Philadelphia

Sir:

You forgot Jay Johnstone, who happens to be hitting 291 with 10 homers and 45 RBIs.

JOHN BARLOW
Marlton, N.J.

BROCK'S RECORD

Sir:

Lou Brock is not just a fine ballplayer but a fine gentleman as well (*Make Way for the Sultan of Swipes*, Aug. 22). He exudes class. He did in 17 seasons what it took Cobb 24 seasons to do. Brock still is one of the most exciting players around.

TONY CHOLET
East St. Louis, Ill.

RING

Sir:

Thank you for Jonathan Yardley's wonderful article about Ring Lardner (*Everybody Knew Me All*, Aug. 29). Lardner was Holden Caulfield's favorite author (next to his brother) in *Catcher in the Rye* and that's good enough for me.

Wouldn't it be great to have a man of Lardner's caliber doing the Game of the Week broadcasts instead of the clowns we have today?

SUSAN B. LENES
New Milford, N.J.

STRAM

Sir:

When Hank Stram was at Kansas City he had the best quarterback by far in the AFL, and maybe one of the greatest of all time, in Len Dawson. Now that the "Little Caesar" is in New Orleans (*Trying the Patient of the Saints*, Aug. 29) he has the gall to compare Archie Manning, an average quarterback, to the man who led the Chiefs to three AFL championships and appeared in two Super Bowls, winning No. IV against the Vikings in 1970.

TIM MCKERNAN
Long Beach, Calif.

THE HORSE

Sir:

As you say, Alberto Juantorena is quite clearly the finest middle-distance runner in the world today (*El Caballo Is Off and Running*, Aug. 29). His performance in the recent World University Games in Sofia, Bulgaria established this fact beyond dispute as the Horse won a decisive victory over his only possible rival in the 800 meters, Kenya's Mike Boit. [See page 16, also.]

Athletes such as Juantorena, who runs because he loves competition rather than the wealth and fame his victories could bring him, should serve as an inspiration to all sports fans.

TOM GOETHALS
Balboa Island, Calif.

Sir:

I suggest you give us a parallel story on Tatyana Kazankina of the U.S.S.R., who achieved almost exactly what Juantorena did in the 1976 Olympics: two gold medals and one world record in foot races. I believe she is the first, and perhaps the only, woman to have run the 1,500 in less than four minutes. Practically no notice was given to this feat, which seems to me to be equivalent to Roger Bannister's sub-four-minute mile.

JANE SHEETS
Baltimore

continued



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SHINNECOCK NILLS

Sir:

Should Frank Hannigan (*A Link to Scotland*, Aug. 22) have occasion to be out central Kansas way, he would appreciate Hutchinson, Kansas' fine Prairie Dunes Golf Club with its air (and, yes, its wind) of the game's native Scotland. The very "penal" but beautiful Prairie Dunes architecture contains the same trying elements he mentions at Shinnecock, and as for Shinnecock being stunning, the Dunes is at least that with a Western flair—yucca plants in a few of the many bunkers! While I haven't had the pleasure of Shinnecock, Mr. Hannigan might hesitate a bit before flatly claiming Shinnecock is "the nearest thing America has to a British links." For while that may well be, the Dunes is like Troon—howling, arid, southwest winds and all—and should be included in any comparisons to the true links of abroad.

KENNY RUCKER
Jeffersonville, Ind.

• Hannigan, who knows Prairie Dunes well and says he yields to no man in his admiration for the course, still feels that the nearness of the ocean makes Shinnecock Hills more like the courses of Scotland. —ED

ATKINSON-SWANN (CONT.)

Sir:

I find it ironic that all three letters in the 19TH HOLE section of Aug. 29, replying to Judith Magruder's Aug. 15 letter defending the Raiders, came from Pittsburgh.

MITCH PERRY
Daly City, Calif.

Sir:

You might be interested to know that Judith Magruder's full name is Judith Madden Magruder. Madden is her maiden name, and Oakland Coach John Madden is her brother.

RICH KARLGAARD
Palo Alto, Calif.

GOT NER GOAT

Sir,

Whoops and Saddles in Helena (Aug. 29) made me sick. Being an animal lover, I can't see anything good about a rodeo. This becomes more evident when I read about a "sport" in which a helpless goat is staked in the middle of an arena, seized and thrown, and has its legs tied together, all in a matter of eight seconds.

This is not cruelty to animals? Barrie Beach also adds insult to injury when she says she hates goats, and that they are dumb and smelly.

The smile on her face as she ropes a defenseless, frightened animal only makes me sicker.

SANDRA LEE JONES
Lindenwold, N.J.

O'BRIEN'S DILEMMA

Sir:

The compensatory test case that pro basketball's free agents and struggling franchises

continued



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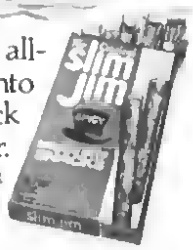
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supposedly are waiting for (SCORECARD, Aug. 22) has been under way here in California for several weeks.

The case had its beginnings last year when Jamaal Wilkes of the Golden State Warriors decided to play out his option in hopes of being picked up by the Los Angeles Lakers. Although not particularly unhappy with the Warriors, Wilkes was having personal problems (he and his wife were recently divorced), and the thought of returning to his spiritual home in the smog and playing out his career alongside former UCLA teammate and longtime friend Kareem Abdul-Jabbar was mighty appealing to him.

The Lakers, naturally, were more than happy to oblige the former All-Pro forward with a contract, but the Warriors were less than thrilled. Wilkes was Golden State's only legitimate star besides Rick Barry, who will be heading for the announcing booth any year now, and when Wilkes signed with L.A., the Warriors sent back word that the only compensation they would accept would be Abdul-Jabbar himself. The Lakers, of course, said nothing doing.

As a result, NBA Commissioner Larry O'Brien now has a case on his hands that would make Solomon sweat. The Warriors are perfectly right in contending that Abdul-Jabbar is the only player on the talent-thin Laker squad who could fill Wilkes' sneakers. Nor would a multiplayer compensation help the Warriors, who have depth and talent aplenty, but lack stars. And while a couple of high Laker draft choices might pan out for Golden State eventually, it's hardly a sure thing—especially since the Lakers stand to be making late-round choices for the next couple of years with both Abdul-Jabbar and Wilkes in their lineup.

O'Brien is still cogitating his answer as this is written, but one thing is sure: pro basketball's "Rozelle Rule" couldn't want a better test case.

LARRY DOYLE
San Francisco

ROGER—AND OUT

Sir:

Thanks to Joe Marshall for his fine article on the San Diego Chargers (*New Charge for the Chargers*, Aug. 22). This year may just be the year they do something in the NFL.

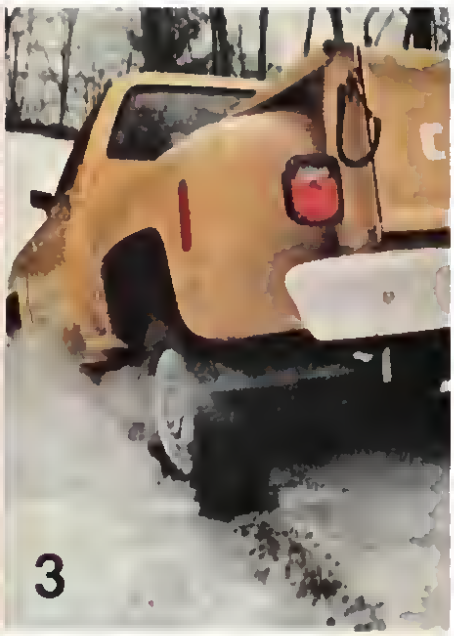
However, Mr. Marshall says that Charlie Joiner averaged more yards per catch than any receiver except Oakland's Cliff Branch and Baltimore's Fred Carr. All Colt fans know that the best receiver in the NFL last year was *Roger*, not Fred, Carr.

ROBERT LANELLE
Breaux Bridge, La.

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As I Saw It

by GEORGE BEAHON

HOW THE GREAT DAIQUIRI DERBY AND U.S. BASEBALL GOT BOMBED IN HAVANA

There isn't any mention of the Great Frozen Daiquiri Derby in all those file cabinets full of records they have in Cooperstown. That's a pretty big oversight, because the derby lasted for six baseball seasons in and around Havana.

I bring this up now because it looks like the U.S. State Department and Bowie Kuhn are going to do Cuba a big favor and send an All-Star team of major-leaguers down there. Some favor; actually, it'll only be partial payment of a tab long overdue.

The derby was fiercely contested by a hearty assortment of players, coaches, managers, club officials and writers. The major league Scotch or gin or bourbon drinker may sneer at the frozen daiquiri, but that just wasn't so in Cuba, where tourist bureau officials met teams deplaning from Miami with courtesy jars of the loaded snow cones. As a reporter who covered the Rochester Red Wings, I was a frequent recipient of these freebies.

The derby started in 1954, when International League officials begged Havana to join up. Before the league finished strip-mining Havana in the middle of the 1960 season—at which time the Sugar Kings were transplanted to Jersey City—a bunch of baseball people had sucked up a lot of paid vacations on the island. When it was all over, an honorable and once-wealthy Cuban named Bobby Maduro wound up holding the sack. He lost everything and defected to the U.S. (This wasn't the first time Maduro got zapped by his colleagues from the north. The league's directors once boosted his per diem ante for visiting teams from $200 to $800. A lot of this was, of course, used to buy frozen daiquiris.)

While it lasted, baseball in Havana was colorful and exciting. The Cubans were shy on power, so they perfected the whisper rally: walk, infield hit, stolen base, sacrifice fly. And woe to the player—on either side—who failed to hustle. The fans in Havana were not only emotional, but they also loved to gamble on every pitch. With both their hearts and their pesos riding on each delivery, it was no wonder that they whistled up ear-splitting criticism for players who dogged it.

Certainly very few visiting players let up off the field. Sunshine and salt water and glittering casinos made Havana a composite of Miami Beach and Las Vegas. But you were better off sticking your fingers in an electric fan than buying chips in the bust-out casinos run by U.S. mechanics. They could break both the pass and don't pass shooters within the same hour. The operators all became lamsters shortly after Fidel Castro replaced their silent partner, that bandit-murderer Fulgencio Batista.

Other diversions in Havana included buying hot watches and jewels at superbargain prices. A guy from down on the docks known only as China would say, "Take it home. Have it appraised. Pay me next trip."

Whether they were watching a game or taking part in Havana's other pastimes, the Americans who came to Cuba for baseball were hardly ever seen without daiquiris in their hands. We kept cumulative records on the walls of the iron-lung press box. They were impressive, because something about the climate permitted massive consumption without too much damage.

Herewith are the results from the six-year Great Frozen Daiquiri Derby:

Out of respect for his survivors, the winner shall be identified only as a veteran scribe out of Buffalo. His winning score was 56 daiquiris from noon until dawn. He was abetted, however, by a rain-out.

Montreal's press corps won the team title, eased up. Les Canadiens had a definite edge, because they traveled with as many as five writers at a crack, two-platooning in French and English. After one muddled visit, two Montreal writers missed a plane back home and wound up in New York City, from where they took a cab to Montreal and handed the tab to the Montreal GM.

A special Sportsmanship Award went to Dixie Walker, the Rochester manager in 1955-58 and former "People's Cherce" of Brooklyn. Walker copped the coveted citation even though he consumed only 18 of the frosty devils one night. But that was a good performance for Dixie, because he was usually a non-drinker and, by derby standards, strictly an amateur.

The Great Frozen Daiquiri Derby ended in July of 1960 at a Rochester-Havana doubleheader. Machete-wielding farmers and then-undisciplined Castro troops roamed the city, still fighting anti-revolutionary elements. An explosion behind Gran Stadium killed at least two Cuban college students and provoked a panicky exodus of wealthy Americans, wealthy Cubans, the Red Wings and Havana Sugar Kings. Castro saw the International League's defection as another act of American aggression, and U.S.-Cuban relations—not to mention the Daiquiri Derby—went down the drain.

Castro was personally involved in an earlier incident that had made the league nervous about playing in Cuba. On the night of July 25, 1959 he pitched one inning of an exhibition that helped fill the ball park before a Rochester-Havana game. Castro got the side out, with the assistance of the plate umpire and the opposing team.

The regularly scheduled game that night ran until midnight, which made it July 26, the birthday of Castro's revolution. So some of the fans and troops decided to play Cuban Fourth of July with .45 pistols, submachine guns and M-1 rifles. They fired away at the fences and the roof. They even caused some of us in the press box to drop our daiquiris. And they shot Rochester Third Base Coach Frank Verdi in the head. Verdi's metal batting-helmet liner saved his skull. He wobbled, but never fell. The Red Wings got the hell out of Havana without playing the next day. Apologies from Castro's government persuaded league officials that it was a frivolous matter, and the International League decided to return to the land of guns, sunshine and frozen daiquiris.

A year later the curfews and censorship and bombings convinced the league and the State Department that Cuba was no longer safe for U.S. baseball. But dwindling attendance and frightening nights had doomed baseball before that. The game was a sport and a religion to Cubans, but who needed the Americans to play it?

So it was goodby to the International League. Goodby .45s and M-1s. Hello Russians. Hello Jersey City.

It is nice to know that all that hysteria is over. The International League doesn't seem likely to get back to Havana, but I'd sure like to—provided that the frozen daiquiri hasn't been one of the casualties of the revolution. END

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